DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,
449 Fourth Avenue, New York City

*Gentlemen:* Kindly send me free and without obligation material fully explaining The New International Encyclopaedia, and your Convenient Payment Plan. L. D.—8-29-36

*Name* .....
*Street* .....
*City* .....*State*.....
*Occupation* .....

# To Know What "The New International Encyclopaedia" Can Do for You

**FILL IN AND MAIL THE COUPON ABOVE.**

"The New International" gives you more articles by many thousands than any other encyclopaedia. Nearly 75,000 separate articles are placed alphabetically, eliminating the need for a cumbersome index—and making it possible to find any article within twelve seconds.

It is one thing to have facts in front of you, and quite another to have them so presented that every one may grasp their true meaning. The articles in "The New International" are written by great authorities and presented in crisp, easily understood English.

## Among many other features "The New International Encyclopaedia" offers you:

1. **A complete means of self-education, covering in its special "Reading and Study Courses" the 34 principal fields of learning—each subject arranged by an authority.**
2. **An immense handbook of household advice (showing methods of determining the best materials and equipment to buy; the proper diet for young and old, fat and thin; emergency treatment of the sick; and even gardening).**
3. **A handy guide to legal information and procedure.**
4. **A handbook of the principles of banking and investment.**
5. **A guidebook to farming, care of animals, and soil chemistry.**
6. **A complete Atlas of the World—ancient, medieval, and modern.**
7. **A guidebook to travel in any part of the globe.**
8. **A complete history of the world—ancient, medieval, and modern.**
9. **A guide to the best literature, art and music of all nations, including helpful reading courses.**
10. **A biography of every important personage since the dawn of history.**
11. **A complete and profusely illustrated treatise on animals, birds, fish, flowers, and trees that will give you a new insight into this world about us.**
12. **A complete library on every subject known to man—recognized as a final authority by courts of law.**

## It Gives You a Well-Rounded Education

For those inevitable gaps in every one's education or to refresh your memory on things studied in college, "The New International" contains 34 complete courses of reading and study. These can easily be followed using "The New International" as a text. A complete outline covering each subject has been prepared for all 34 fields of learning; some of which are: History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Aeronautics, Philosophy, Psychology, Engineering, Industrial Management, Law, Medicine, Sociology, Religion, Education, Political Economy, Music, Literature, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Geography, Geology, Zoology, Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Domestic Science, Interior Decoration, etc. These courses are bound in "The New International" and can not be lost. In the opinion of educators, they will give any one a well-rounded education comparable to that of a university.

## *Always* Up-to-Date

When you buy "The New International Encyclopaedia" you have a reference work which is kept up-to-date every year by the issuance of annual volumes. These are identical in binding and color with the main volumes of the Encyclopaedia and are sent on ten days' examination upon request.

## Full Information at No Cost to You

If you don't know all about encyclopaedias, why not find out NOW about at least one? Noted authorities are convinced of the superiority of "The New International Encyclopaedia." Such internationally known leaders of thought and action as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale; William Allen White; Dr. Stephen S. Wise; H. L. Mencken; Dr. Burton Stevenson, Former Director of the American Library in Paris—these are but a few who have critically examined "The New International"; who have used it as a principal source of information; and who are practically of a single voice in proclaiming it the best.

## FREE

## Illustrated Descriptive Material and Details of Convenient Payment Plan

Send the coupon above for free descriptive material which completely explains the contents of "The New International Encyclopaedia" and will give you an idea of the almost untold possibilities for self-improvement contained in this greatest and most complete of reference works, and gives full details of the Convenient Payment Plan. Clip the coupon above—this special offer is too important to miss.

August 29, 1936

# The Literary Digest

FOR AUGUST 29, 1936

Volume 122 • Number 9 • Whole No. 2419
Copyright 1936 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

## Contents

MAIL ..... 2
TOPICS OF THE DAY ..... 5
TOPICS IN BRIEF ..... 11
FOREIGN COMMENT ..... 12
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE ..... 18
DRAMA AND MUSIC ..... 20
LETTERS AND ART ..... 22
PRESS ..... 25
SOCIAL SERVICE ..... 26
COURTS ..... 29
OFF-SIDE ..... 31
PARADE ..... 32
SPORT AND SPORTSMEN ..... 33
ADVERTISING ..... 34
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY ..... 36
THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR ..... 39
THE SPICE OF LIFE ..... 40

*Information for Subscribers*

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

*Semiannual Indexes* will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

## Mail

### Bull-Fighting

Sir:—Alfonso Riera fails to consider one very vital difference between prize-fighting and bull-fighting. In the former, men are eager to be participants; in the latter, the tortured bulls and horses are NOT.

(MRS. C-N) ALICE K. MILLARD.
Buffalo, New York.

### Firing Squad

Sir:—Concerning your article "Death by Bullets" criticized in August 1 issue by George W. Dickinson, Alexandria, Louisiana, my understanding is that there is one blank cartridge furnished the firing squad. The blank is so charged and wadded that there is as much recoil to it as there is to the reduced charge used in the ball cartridge.

M. R. GEISBUSH,
Veteran of the Spanish-American and World Wars.
Seattle.

### Passamaquoddy

Sir:—The story about the Passamaquoddy Development in the August 8 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST seems to be written in a spirit of fairness, but there is one decided error which I think should be brought to your attention.

The houses built in Quoddy Village contain government furniture only to the extent of one electric stove and one electric refrigerator per house. All other furnishings were put in by the employees themselves.

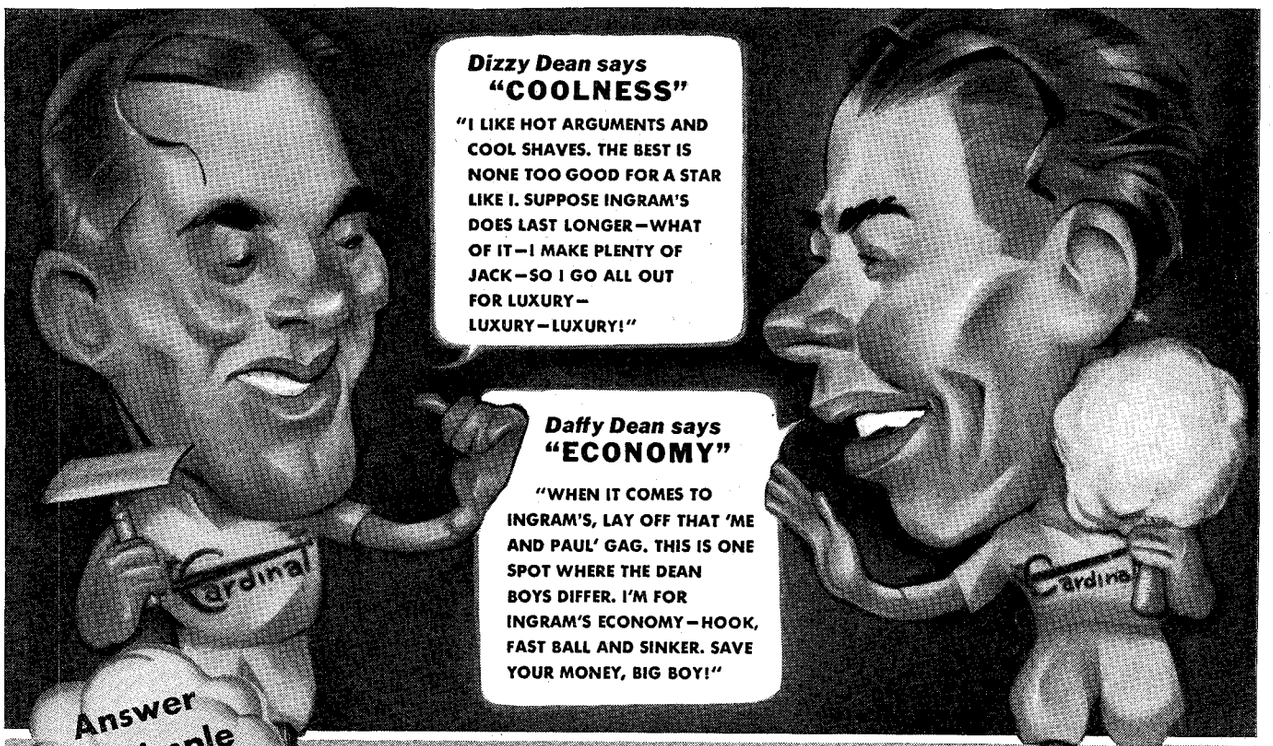
The dormitory to which you refer was constructed to house single men and women. It

(*Continued on page 39*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# DIZZY & DAFFY talk INGRAM'S Shaving Contest and its $2,500 FIRST PRIZE

**ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES—2011 PRIZES IN ALL**


Dizzy Dean says
"COOLNESS"
"I LIKE HOT ARGUMENTS AND COOL SHAVES. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR A STAR LIKE I. SUPPOSE INGRAM'S DOES LAST LONGER—WHAT OF IT—I MAKE PLENTY OF JACK—SO I GO ALL OUT FOR LUXURY—LUXURY—LUXURY!"
Daffy Dean says
"ECONOMY"
"WHEN IT COMES TO INGRAM'S, LAY OFF THAT 'ME AND PAUL' GAG. THIS IS ONE SPOT WHERE THE DEAN BOYS DIFFER. I'M FOR INGRAM'S ECONOMY—HOOK, FAST BALL AND SINKER. SAVE YOUR MONEY, BIG BOY!"
Cardinal
Cardinal

Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

## *Which is more important to You?*

1. INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
2. INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

RIGHT HERE in the Ingram office another controversy started that turned into a *contest*—a contest with a first prize of $2,500—ten prizes of $100 each and 2,000 genuine Rubberset shaving brushes worth $2.00 each.

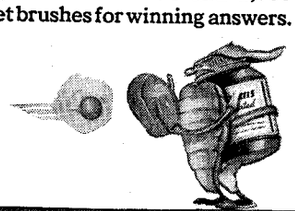
*"What do men like best about Ingram's?"* What wins them and *holds* them to this fast-selling cream—its *famous* "Coolness" or the *downright, rock-bottom* "Economy" of its concentrated form? And now we want this big question settled—and we're paying heavy money for the winning answers.

Try Ingram's today! You can win dollars—thousands of them! You can win a lifetime of comfortable shaves. For Ingram's is the Arctic and Antarctic of shaving creams—the chilliest, soothingest cream that ever made wire-whiskers say "Uncle." It's a triple-play formula that gives you cream, lotion and face tonic in every cool brushful.

Before you vote "Coolness"—test its "Economy." A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

**TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US**

But try Ingram's and give us your verdict. Your face can't lose. Read the rules in the box to the right. Then send us your entry. Remember, there are 3,500 Ingram cash dollars and 2,000 Rubberset brushes for winning answers.



### READ THESE EASY RULES!

**1.** Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

**2.** Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 509, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

**3.** To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in Liberty as early as possible in 1937.

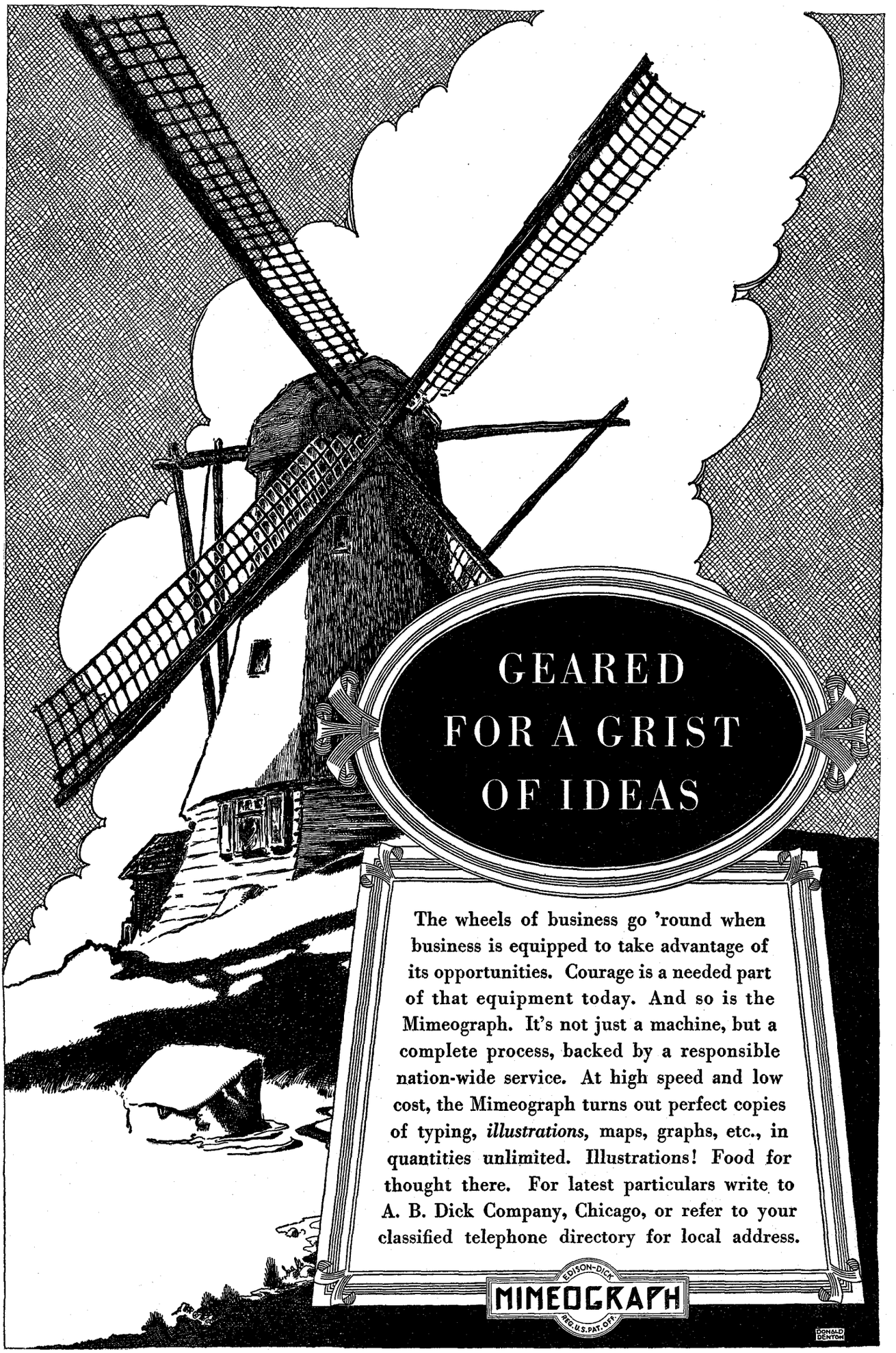
**4.** All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

**5.** Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

**6.** Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

**A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GEARED
FOR A GRIST
OF IDEAS
The wheels of business go 'round when business is equipped to take advantage of its opportunities. Courage is a needed part of that equipment today. And so is the Mimeograph. It's not just a machine, but a complete process, backed by a responsible nation-wide service. At high speed and low cost, the Mimeograph turns out perfect copies of typing, *illustrations*, maps, graphs, etc., in quantities unlimited. Illustrations! Food for thought there. For latest particulars write to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or refer to your classified telephone directory for local address.
EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DONALD DENTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Literary Digest

NEW YORK AUGUST 29, 1936


## *Topics of the day*

# "DIGEST" POLL MACHINERY SPEEDING UP

## First Figures in Presidential Test to Be Published Next Week

Swinging into higher speed, THE LITERARY DIGEST's great Presidential Poll machinery of 1936 is now settling into the steady, certain, increasingly-swifter pace that will carry it to a country-shaking climax just before Election Day.

Who will win—Roosevelt or Landon? Will the country repudiate the New Deal or give its leader a new, four-year mandate? To-day, nobody knows. But THE DIGEST is seeking the answer—in the same way that has enabled it, time after time, to tell the country exactly what was going to happen when the voters went to the polls.

Hints of what the voters will do this year began trickling into DIGEST Poll Headquarters last week. This week the volume increased. Next week—and in next week's issue the first figures to be tabulated will be published—the volume of returning votes will be even larger. Thereafter it will rise steadily to avalanche proportions, with scores of thousands of ballots weekly.

**Figures**—Finally, the last of the more than 10,000,000 secret ballots which now are being broadcast to every State, county, city, town and hamlet will be in the mails; the last of the voted ballots will have been returned, checked and tallied.

In that great mass of post-card votes, representing the opinions of every section, class, age and occupation, will be found the answer as to the political fate of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alfred M. Landon, William Lemke, Earl Browder, Norman Thomas.

In election after election, as the public so well knows, THE LITERARY DIGEST has forecast the result long before Election Day. For this journalistic feat and public service it has received thousands of tributes during many years. To-day the praise is continuing. For instance, Percy B. Scott, Editor, writes in the September issue of *The American Press*, "a magazine for makers of newspapers":

"With the advent of the Presidential election campaign comes THE LITERARY DIGEST Poll—that oracle, which, since 1920, has foretold with almost uncanny accuracy the choice of the nation's voters. . . .

"Nothing which could be construed as bias has ever been permitted to crop into the stories or operation of the Poll. No matter what the returns may have indicated, those indications must be given to the public without qualification or color.

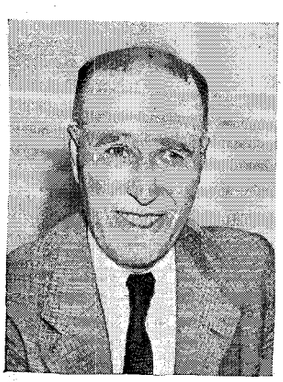
"Political leaders have praised and damned the Poll—depending upon whether or not it coincided with their hopes and prayers—but, like the brook, it has gone merrily on its way, confounding its critics and accurately forecasting the hitherto unpredictable."

**Tempers Lost**—That is correct. There never has been a DIGEST Poll that was not sharply criticized. Frequently there have been charges that it had "sold out" to this, that or the other interest. Such criticism may be expected again, as the campaign grows hotter and this or that faction, seeing the tide running against them, find themselves losing their tempers.

But THE DIGEST would like to mention in advance that such criticism will be as unfounded in 1936 as it was in every other poll. Most of our readers know that it costs a "king's ransom" to conduct a Poll. But THE DIGEST believes that it is rendering a great public service—and when such a service can be rendered no price is too high.

In 1924 the first large Presidential Poll was launched. Coolidge, Davis and La Follette were the candidates. That poll predicted the Electoral College result within three votes—more than 99 per cent. right—and the popular vote for Coolidge within 1 per cent.—99 per cent correct.

This extraordinary performance attracted the attention of the press of the world. To many papers it was "amazing." "Here,"

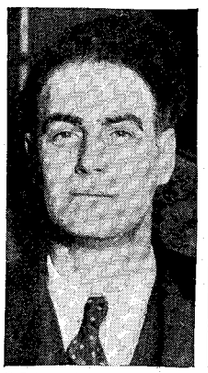


Acme

Wide World

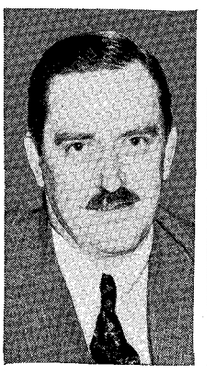
International

The third-party "threat" and the men he threatens—Lemke, Roosevelt and Landon

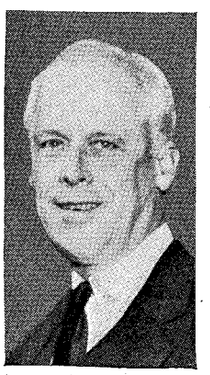


© International

Acme



Acme



Acme

Four minor party candidates who will figure in The Digest Poll: John W. Aiken, Socialist-Labor (top left); D. Leigh Colvin, Prohibition (top right); Earl Browder, Communist, (bottom left) and Norman Thomas, Socialist

said the Cincinnati *Post*, "is the way to economy and comfort in elections." But its very accuracy made the Poll machinery a target for political sharpshooters. Ever since, each poll has been watched meticulously to guard against the slightest chance of error.

It was in 1928 that THE DIGEST Poll met perhaps its greatest test. When the returns began to pour in, some Poll observers began to suffer a slight case of jitters. It was not so astonishing that the Hoover Republicans should be shown carrying such States as Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia, for they were considered border States. But when the voters began to indicate firmly that Alfred E. Smith would not carry such States of the "Solid South" as Virginia, Texas, North Carolina and Florida—would not even carry his own State, New York—the experts began to wonder about the accuracy of the Poll.

But the election showed that the Poll had forecast the popular vote with an error of only 4.4 per cent. and had predicted the first break-up of the "Solid South" since the War between the States.

During earlier Presidential Polls, the Democrats had consistently hammered at them because they predicted Republican


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victories. In 1932 the tables were turned. Republicans became critical. The Poll that year indicated that Roosevelt would win by pretty much of a landslide; it was over 99 per cent. correct.

By the spring of 1934 there appeared to be a sharp division of opinion on the New Deal. THE DIGEST asked the voters what they thought, on the whole, of Roosevelt's acts and policies. The response showed about 61 per cent. for the New Deal.

Again, in the fall of 1935, when rumblings of criticism of the New Deal became louder, THE DIGEST, using virtually the same list, sent out 10,000,000 ballots to find out what the country then thought. As many readers will remember, that Poll showed more than 63 per cent. of the total vote registered against the Administration's acts and policies.

To the casual observer, this might mean that a Republican landslide is due this fall. But it must be remembered that that Poll was taken on policies and not on personalities.

And so the great question remains: Who will win the election next November? To repeat: To-day, nobody knows. But THE DIGEST is seeking the answer—in the same way that has enabled it, time after time, to tell the country exactly what was going to happen when the voters went to the polls.

---

## OUT OF THE WEST: Landon Makes First Big Drive in Pennsylvania and New York

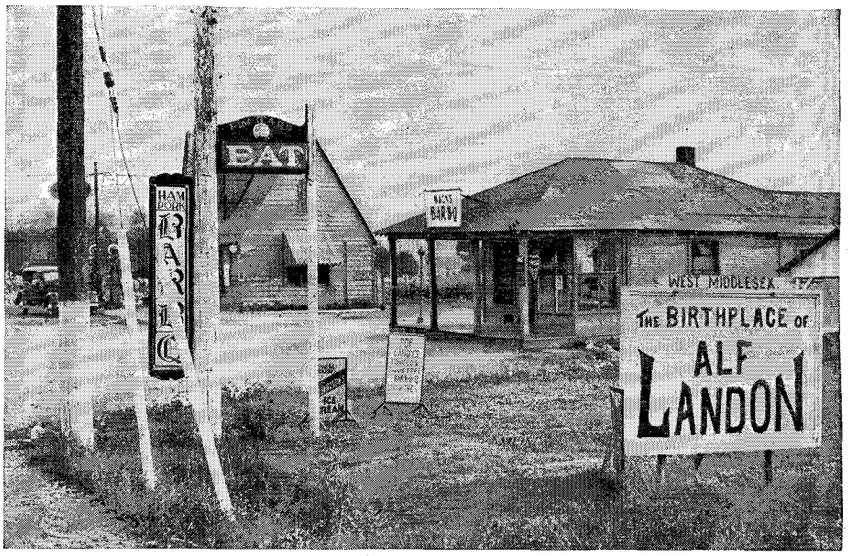
Alf M. Landon leaped out of bed at six o'clock one morning last week, left his summer ranch-house outside Estes Park, Colorado, hopped into a car and, with his wife and daughter, Peggy Anne, motored to nearby La Salle to open a ten-week campaign for the Presidency.

His first words and actions stamped it as an old-fashioned, "just folks" campaign —with stream-lined trimmings. The folksy note was struck in the plans, worked out by Governor Landon himself, for his first offensive, an eight-day trip to western Pennsylvania and New York. The train in which he traveled sounded the ultra-modern note.

**Special Train**—It was waiting for him in the ancient yellow railway-station at La Salle—four sleepers, a diner, a baggage-car equipped as a perambulating press-room for the twenty reporters aboard, a coach and a club-car for visiting politicians who swarmed on and off by the score at the boundaries of the nine States *en route*. On the end was the candidate's air-conditioned private car, named for David Livingstone, the explorer, and complete with bed and shower-bath.

On the flag-draped rear platform hung a microphone. Below it was a huge illuminated sunflower sign with the legend LANDON; above it were floodlights for the newsreel men. On the roof were loud-speakers to spread the candidate's homely utterances over a city block.

At this point the 1936 stream-lined motif vanished. Eschewing representatives of "big business" and of the Republican Old Guard, Candidate Landon chose to be accompanied on his trip by a half-dozen friends much like himself, all but one of them from Kansas, few of them known outside the Middle West. He chose to make his three principal addresses at his birthplace, West Middlesex, Pennsylvania; at Chautauqua, New York, religious and cultural center, and at Buffalo. He made fully fifty back-platform appearances and three-minute speeches at small communities like Julesburg, Colorado; Boone, Idaho, and Ada, Ohio.




© International

The magic of the Landon home-coming turned sleepy West Middlesex into a lively center

At Sterling, Colorado, he asked his hearers to help elect a Republican Congress. At North Platte, Nebraska, he remarked that "There are many things we want Government to do, but I think we want those things done without squandering our money." At Council Bluffs, Iowa, he declared that anything that promotes recovery and gives jobs without harming our institutions "I am for."

**Proud Nurse**—At West Middlesex the "home folks" flavor of the tour came out strongest. The white-frame Methodist parsonage where Alf Landon was born was newly painted and flaunted a proud sign. "Aunty" Mary Baird, now eighty-five, who was his nurse in his infancy, left her cabin and her peach-canning, bought a new black silk dress and received a kiss on her lips from the candidate.

After a leisurely drive, the Governor arrived at the Tam O'Shanter golf course a mile from town.

Seventy-five thousand persons from miles around, most of the men in shirt-sleeves, stood on ground left soggy by morning rains and heard what Governor Landon had to say about "The American Way of Life."

They laughed when he reminded them that he still sent to Crawford County every winter for maple syrup; applauded when he urged a government that "will safeguard for the younger generation the opportunity to develop each in his own way, the American qualities of self-reliance, of honesty and of generosity. They mumbled agreement when he decried the "doubt and distrust . . . fostered by unstable men to whom it is always dangerous to give political power."

They cheered when he concluded that the choice before the country lay "between the pig-in-the-poke politics of the present Administration and those American institutions under which we have enjoyed more liberty and attained a higher standard of living than any other people in the world."

**Editors' Views**—The next morning, while Governor Landon sat on a hard wooden bench and heard the Rev. Henry Shilling, a Democrat but a Landonite, preach in the red brick Methodist Church hard by the Landon birthplace, the country read what the nation's editors thought of the first major speech of his campaign.

"Governor Landon has the ability to strike at the heart of things, to analyze problems, to put them into simple terms," eulogized *The Idaho Statesman* (Rep.) from Boise.

"He stands before the American people as a family physician and counselor might stand before an individual who has just started to take drugs to alleviate mental and physical pain, pleading that he fight and overcome the obstacles of life with his God-given strength of will—instead of seeking temporary relief through dope that will bring future suffering beyond all comparison to his present ills."

The Washington *Post* (Ind.) was impressed by his "even-tempered demeanor," adding: "He seems to have no interest in making wild political charges that will appeal only to the emotions."

To the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.) he showed himself to be "not only a politician in the most gracious meaning of the word, but a shrewd and intelligent executive presumably capable of bigger things."

The Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), published by Governor Landon's running-mate, Col. Frank Knox, found in the candidate's West Middlesex summary of four decades of economic history "the issue between the hope and freedom of the American way of life, and the defeatism and despair of the New Deal."

His "reverence for and a faith in the fundamental principles upon which the nation was founded," impressed the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.).

**Dissenting Verdicts**—The Birmingham *News* (Ind.-Dem.) dissented.

"What constructive criticism of the present Administration did Mr. Landon make?" it inquired. "Every one agrees with him that we 'want security and abundance of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the good things of life.' Yes, we want plenty of fried chicken and ice-cream for dinner to-day, as well as plenty of sleep to-night and an easy day at the office to-morrow, but how are we to get these things?"

The Phoenix *Gazette* (Ind.) dismissed the Middlesex speech as "even more vague than his acceptance speech" and largely a recital of the New Deal ritual, with a sprinkling of high-sounding phrases, such as "freedom of enterprise" and "the American way."

The Boston *Post* (Ind.-Dem.) insisted that the "time has arrived when Governor Landon can no longer stick to generalities, but must present a detailed program for the consideration of the voters."

*The Rocky Mountain News* (Ind.) of Denver believed it is Landon's "apparent purpose to slide silently into office on the assorted hatreds for Roosevelt rather than on any qualities of his own."

The Columbus (Ga.) *Ledger-Enquirer* (Dem.) scoffed.

"The excursion of the lamb of the West into the East will have the effect of trumping his partner's ace," it said. "It affords doubtful voters an opportunity of seeing and hearing Mr. Landon in action and to learn how little he knows about the manifold problems before the Government."

# BUSY WEEK FOR NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

## HAMILTON

John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National Chairman, hit the Pacific Coast head-on last week and bounded clear back to Republican National Headquarters at Chicago.

*En route*, he jabbed and gibed at newspaper editors who called him a young Lochinvar out of the West. "I'm not young," he said (he is forty-four). "I'm not a Lochinvar. I'm case-hardened by twenty years of Kansas politics."

In his fourteen-passenger specially chartered TWA transport-plane, he took off from Los Angeles early in the week and swung back to Chicago through the great Southwest, with stops to rest, refuel and orate at Phoenix, Arizona; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Dallas, Texas, and Sedalia, Missouri. On the first leg of his trip he had sped through the Northwest from Chicago to Seattle, Washington, then down the coast to Los Angeles.

All told, the aggressive red haired Republican Chairman covered 6,500 miles in seventeen days, stopped in sixteen States and made fifty speeches, of which nineteen were broadcast.

**Rallying Cries**—Vote for Roosevelt, he told his myriad hearers in effect, and you vote for "the revival of the NRA, for a continuation of politics in relief, for increased and still increasing debt, for uncontrolled spending, for the complete cessation of the Civil Service in Government, for the total loss of all foreign markets, for the still greater increase in importation of foreign foodstuffs, for executive control over the value of money, and for the complete control of the Government within the Federal Executive."

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and Under Secretary Rexford G. Tugwell were the New Dealers he hit at most. "Secretary Wallace has said that I know nothing about agriculture," he remarked. "As far as I am concerned, we are both in the same boat." Doctor Tugwell he called an "exquisite hater," and he warned that if Roosevelt were reelected an attempt would be made to "Tugwellize America."

In intervals between delivering speeches and preparing them the Chairman met and pepped up literally hundreds of local Republican leaders and shook more hands than a President of the United States on New-Year's day.

Back at Republican headquarters in Chicago's Railway Exchange Building in South Michigan Avenue, he reviewed what he had heard and seen in the West and found it all to the good.

## FARLEY

In and out of Chairman James A. Farley's office at Democratic National Headquarters last week streamed Democratic bigwigs from half a dozen States. While Chairman Hamilton was rip-roaring and snorting through the West, Jim sat placidly behind his walnut desk, beamed at distinguished visitors, affably shook their hands and absorbed reports on Democratic prospects here, there and elsewhere.

The Farley office is a corner room in the Biltmore Hotel, hard by the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. Flanking the Farley desk are three busy little telephone tables. On the walls are portraits of President Roosevelt, showing him from the knees up against the New York sky-line, and of Chairman Farley himself. There is also an elk's head on a plaque.

Twice a day the Democratic Chairman saunters out of his office into the press-room, distinguished by its several straight-backed chairs and long table holding a dozen telephones. Planking his solid, six-feet-two frame into a chair, he tilts back and answers reporters' questions.

**Cheering Reports**—Last week, the press conferences revealed that Virginia's Senators, Carter Glass and Harry F. Byrd, anti-New Deal Democrats, would support Roosevelt for reelection; that Gov. Paul V. McNutt and Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana thought Roosevelt would win their State in a walk; that Mayor Howard Jackson of Baltimore was less cheerful about Maryland; that David L. Lawrence, Pennsylvania Democratic Chairman, believed steel companies were forcing their workers to register as Republicans, but that Mr. Farley considered it "all in the political ball game," and that Democrats from Oklahoma, California, Florida, Montana and Texas thought that in their States things were going fine.

Particularly cheerful was Roy Miller of Texas, who said: "Texas is doubtful, all right. It is doubtful whether the State will go five to one for Roosevelt or six to one."

Besides greeting and hearing these visitors last week, Mr. Farley presided over a meeting of the New York State Democratic Committee, of which he is still Chairman, went to Hyde Park to talk over campaign plans with President Roosevelt, and made a radio speech over a national hook-up. His theme: "Confronted by President Roosevelt's successful record in office, the Republican Party is obviously floundering and faltering . . . the progress which this country has made . . . is almost unbelievable."

## WITH THE PROPHETS

**West Virginia**

"West Virginia will certainly be in the Roosevelt column."—*R. C. Andrews, West Virginia Democratic Chairman.*

"We [Republicans] have high hopes of winning."—*Mrs. Cora L. Ebert, Republican National Committeewoman from West Virginia.*

**Michigan**

"I believe the chances of President Roosevelt in Michigan are good."—*Frank Murphy, Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan.*

"In Michigan the trend is increasingly Republican."—*Chester C. Bolton, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee.*

**Pennsylvania**

"We [Democrats] are going to carry Pennsylvania by 250,000."—*David L. Lawrence, Pennsylvania Democratic Chairman.*

"We [Republicans] are confident that Pennsylvania will go for Landon and Knox."—*Miss S. M. R. O'Hara, Pennsylvania Republican Vice-Chairwoman.*

**The Nation**

"My frank opinion is that popular sentiment for Landon is waning now that his record on such things as schools and labor is becoming more fully known."—*James A. Farley, Democratic National Chairman.*

"In my opinion, the big thing in this campaign will be the loss of confidence in President Roosevelt as the campaign develops."—*Henry L. Stoddard, former New York publisher.*

# PARCHED PLAINS: Experts Survey Drought Ravages as Government Speeds Relief Moves

Piling out of Army automobiles into the burning sunlight one day last week, eight perspiring men scuffed through the drifting dust to the top of dunes forty feet high near Guymon, Oklahoma.

The skeleton of a farmhouse, gaunt dead trees, fences buried in sand and tumbleweed, a few thistles, miniature dust tornadoes rising in every direction—that was all they saw of what was once fertile land.

President Roosevelt's Great Plains drought investigators, on a strenuous ten-day tour through seven States, looked away from the scene of desolation and toward each other questioningly. Morris L. Cooke, their conservationist Chairman, shook his head sadly.

"This is what we expected to find in this country," he said. "Of course, I understand that this is about the worst-blown strip in this part of the country. It is not typical."

**Example of Efficiency**—Then the Commission hurried on across the Oklahoma Panhandle to Dalhart, Texas. There, H. H. Finnell, stocky, red-mustached Federal Soil Conservator, proudly showed them the results of Government cooperation with farmers on a 27,000-acre tract in experiments designed to defeat the drought. Barren fields on the C. M. Peden farm, which a year ago provided depressing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scenes for the Resettlement Administration's picture, "The Plow that Broke the Plains," were green with crops. Contour plowing, to prevent water from running off the slopes, had done it.

At Springfield, Colorado, members of the Committee sat under the cottonwoods on the court-house lawn and listened to first-hand tales of drought suffering.

To catch up with their schedule, the motoring investigators hurried on over Kansas and Nebraska toward the Dakotas. On the way, they might have met the Bjornsons.

Drew S. Pearson and Robert S. Allen, newspaper columnists, had found the Bjornsons at Herreid, South Dakota, a few days before and cited them as "typical farmers of the Great Plains, typical sufferers from the drought, and soon to become typical wanderers in the West."

"Herreid stands in the middle of a hot, lifeless, arid plain," they wrote. "A few weather-beaten farmhouses and a filling-station mark the 'town' itself. The Bjornsons live three miles out on the dry, hard waste.

"The road to their farm is strewn with dead jack-rabbits, gophers and birds. A wire fence trails along, broken, dragging.

**Dreary Vista**—"There is no sign of life at the Bjornsons. A dirty gray house, windows closed, blinds down, porch broken. Across a flat patch of soil is a barn. Between the two stands a windmill, its vanes broken, the big round tank at the base dry and empty. By the barn are a few farm implements, rusted, unused for many months. A brood of dirty chickens peck at the parched earth."

Mrs. Bjornson met the newspaper men at the door. She did not have to tell them why her husband was pulling out, after forty years at Herreid.

"We drove away," the visitors concluded. "The woman and her little girl stood in the door watching us. All around, hundreds of grasshoppers jumped and flew. Far out on the plain, three cows were standing, heads down. A horse slept on his feet. No trees. No streams. No grass. No clouds. Nothing.

"Just land, land, miles and miles of it. Flat, dry, dusty—an arid, uncharted desert of land. Not a living thing as far as the eye could see."

If the drought committee missed the Bjornsons, it had one appointment it was sure to keep. At Pierre, Capital of South Dakota, at the end of this week, its path was to cross that of President Roosevelt, out on a drought-inspection trip of his own. There he would hear what his emissaries had seen and what they thought could be done about it.

Besides a long-range program for soil conservation, the President had the immediate program of relief for drought-sufferers to meet. Officials had advised him that the drought would add 2,000,000 persons and $100,000,000 to the relief rolls by winter.

**Relief Rushed**—Last week, the Works Progress Administration stepped up its relief job program for impoverished farmers from 90,000 to 120,000 families. They will be employed as long as possible on water conservation and farm-to-market projects. The Resettlement Administration will care for 400,000 additional families with subsistence loans or outright grants.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace announced that the Federal Government would spend $10,000,000 at once to buy seed and grain to be sold back to farmers in the drought areas next spring.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration called a series of State meetings to study the lessons of the drought.

The National Youth Administration prepared to make liberal grants to finance the education of families feeling the pinch.

These moves came thick and fast after the Weather Bureau had recognized this year's drought as the "worst in the climatological history of the country."

## KINDLING FORESTS: Three States Mobilize Thousands of Fire-Fighters in Dry Timber-Lands

"The flames seemed to come all at once, jumping from tree top to tree top." Herman Kaivola, seventy-year-old farmer from the timber country near Duluth, Minnesota, was talking:

"The house, the barn, the warehouse, everything went up in smoke. My wife wept—I almost did. You see, it was all I had ever worked for."

Twenty-four other farm homes in the same district were wiped out last week; three times as many more were scarred. Hapless refugees, thankful to escape with their lives, fled with few belongings.

The dog days of any summer are anxious days in the woodlands; but this year's dryness makes them doubly dangerous.

In towers perched high on mountain peaks, Rangers keep their eyes peeled for telltale wisps of smoke. From planes high over the forests, pilots spot the perilous plumes and flash warnings by radio. Other planes speed supplies and men to emergency landing-fields.

**CCC Enlisted**—The fire-fighters, armed with axes and shovels, pumps and tanks of chemicals, push through to the scene along trails recently cut by CCC workers; some of the "smoke-eaters" are employees of the Forest Service, but most of them are CCC workers and volunteers.

So far this year, altho there have been 10,906 fires in the national forests, only 108 have been extra-period, that is, not under control by 10 o'clock the morning after their discovery. The worst fires have been one on the Belknap Indian Reservation in the Lewis and Clark National Forest in Wyoming, which burned down more than 45,000 acres of timber; the Hiawatha fire in Michigan, which spread over 4,000 acres; the fire in the Lake Superior region which crossed the Canadian border into Minnesota.

A wind-borne fire swept through the forests of the Little Rocky Mountains near Havre, Montana, recently, killing three men and endangering three villages. Thirty thousand acres of green timber went up in flames on a twenty-five-mile front.

Last week, northern Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan bore the brunt of the damage. In the Lake Kabetogama region of Minnesota, 10,000 acres were reduced to ashes in four days. Reinforcements rushed to Chaffey, Wisconsin, where another blaze got out of control when winds shifted.

From the Frost Lake region of the Superior National Forest, Horton Trautman sent to the Chicago *Daily News* a graphic story of that which faced fire-fighters.

"Up in that insane arrangement of swamps and hogbacks and gigantic jackstraw piles of down timber and balsam and spruce undergrowth," he wrote, "you can't hike overland fast enough to leave a snail behind.

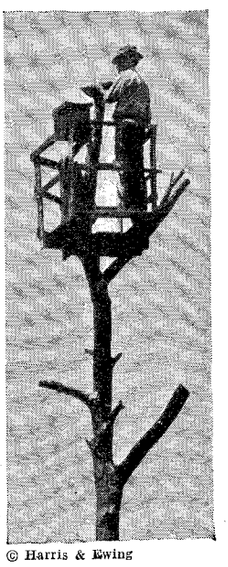
**Long Trails**—"You have to go by canoe and portage trails, and they are loopier than the cuts of a jigsaw.

"The fire started as a creeper, one that burns only the duff along the ground . . . the accumulation of humus and spruce and pine needles, moss and rotting timber.

"This year, tho, when rainfall has been less than one-third normal, the duff was so dry that its creeping attained a pace discernible from an air-plane. When seen from above on the third day of its burning, the fire area had the shape of a hand with a few extra fingers, a long skeletal hand whose fingers lengthened as you watched, and gave off grayish smoke, like ectoplasm materializing into a monstrosity."

Over 50,000 men have been engaged this summer in holding back the flames in American forest fires; man-power remains the major factor in the battle. But the Forest

Wide World



© Harris & Ewing

Anxious days in the woodlands: flames licked their way through acres of green timber and Forest Rangers kept on the lookout for new outbursts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Service is turning to science. Besides aerial control, experiments, so far only partly effective, are being made in dropping water and chemicals directly onto small fires.

Thousands of private citizens—hunters, fishermen, Sunday excursionists — have been made special summer guards with authority to arrest careless campers and to enlist aid. When the forest areas get exceptionally dry, they are closed entirely to the public.

**Expanding Service**—Only 60 per cent. of the total forest area of the nation is under the Forest Service. In 1934, more than 90 per cent. of the total forest fire loss occurred in the 40 per cent. of forest land not under Federal control or other form of organized protection.

The annual toll of forest fires in this country is nearly 40,000,000 acres on unguarded timber-lands. On National Forest lands, which total about 170,000,000 acres, however, the loss is rarely over 500,000 acres a year; last year it was less than 200,000 acres.

Last year there were about 10,000 fires started in national forests, compared with an average of 8,000 over the years 1931 to 1934. They burned, however, only 178,133 acres, compared with an average of 440,000 acres for the previous four years. Under the Clarke-McNary Law, the Forest Service cooperates with States and private owners in the protection of forest lands.

With the hazard still hanging over the dry timber-land, America may again this year pay the average annual price of $50,000,000 for the awesome spectacle of forest fires.

## TENANT FARMERS: Dual Inquiries Provoked by New Storm in Share-Cropper Area

Where is Frank Weems? Does he lie dead in an unmarked grave or at the bottom of a river in Arkansas? Has he fled in fright? Is he being deliberately detained to keep him away from the share-cropper storm center?

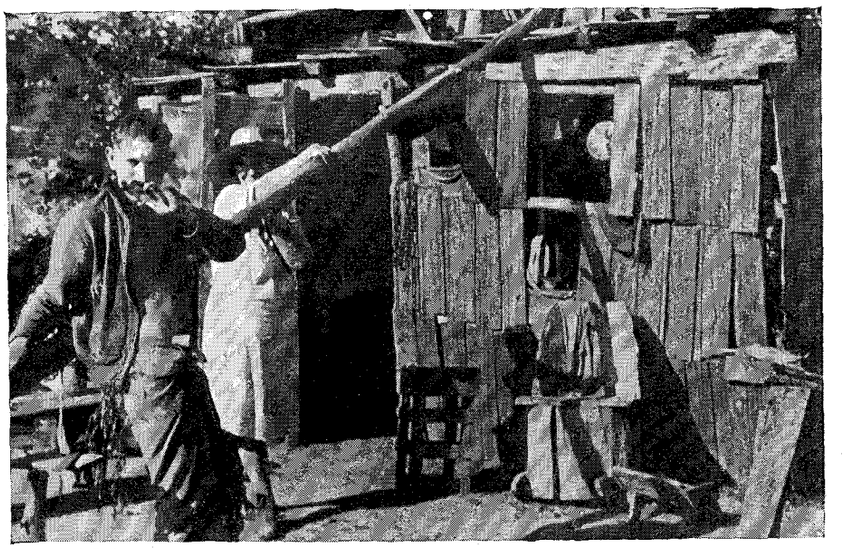
As State and Federal Governments moved last week to allay the storm, they found the Weems mystery injected again into the broader question they were striving to answer: How can the distressing seventy-year-old farm tenancy situation in the South best be resolved?

Weems, a forty-year-old Negro tenant farmer, attended a Southern Tenant Farmers' Union strike demonstration at Earle, Arkansas, in May. Vigilantes broke up the meeting and dumped Weems, badly beaten, on a grocery-store floor. The next morning he was not there. He has not been seen since.

A few days later, Willie Sue Blagden, Memphis social worker, and the Rev. Claude Williams of Little Rock, on their way to funeral services for the missing Weems, were flogged near Earle.

Sheriff Howard Curlin of Crittendon County accused them of trying to whip up emotion by a mock funeral for a man who had not died.

**Federal Action**—The Department of Justice began an investigation, not of the floggings, which are a State matter, but of the conditions underlying them. After several weeks on the scene, Investigator Samuel E. Whittaker of Chattanooga reported to Washington, but what he learned was not revealed.



© Harris & Ewing

A dreary picture, typical of scenes in area under government investigation

Instead, last week the Department of Justice announced that it would present to a Federal Grand Jury, after it convenes at Little Rock on September 21, "conflicting evidence" concerning violation of peonage laws.

Two years after the War Between the States, Congress, to implement the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery, passed a law forever forbidding the system known as peonage, later defined by the Supreme Court as "compulsory servitude based on indebtedness."

The American Civil Liberties Union and other liberal agencies which have turned their attention to the plight of the share-cropper insist that the method employed by many Southern cotton planters is, in many cases, peonage.

**Farmers' Plight**—Tenant farmers pay no cash to occupy the land they farm. They supply labor in exchange for tools, housing, food and, at the end of the cotton season, half the value of the crop. By the time drainage and fencing and credit accumulated at the plantation store are deducted, there is often no cash left for them.

Plantation owners point out that when the crop is good enough to bring in enough cash to divide, it is divided. In their defense, they point out that they carry the entire responsibility of ownership, operation—and loss.

While George P. Jones, dapper assistant to the Attorney General, prepared to observe his sixtieth birthday by taking the matter before the Little Rock Grand Jury, Gov. J. Marion Futrell of Arkansas, himself born and reared on a farm, called a conference of Governors of cotton-growing States at Hot Springs to talk over the share-cropper situation.

**Governors' Views**—Southern State officials responded readily. Gov. James V. Allred of Texas praised the "very worthy objective" and pledged "complete sympathy." Gov. Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina was "interested in anything that will aid the farmers." Commissioner of Agriculture J. C. Holton of Mississippi thought it was a good idea to get together to "stop all this propaganda." The Governors of Virginia, Oklahoma and Tennessee agreed with Governor Leche of Louisiana that "it never hurts to discuss a situation."

Roger N. Baldwin, President of the Civil Liberties Union, found it "heartening to see a southern Governor making a move to tackle the evils of the plantation system," but other share-cropper sympathizers were skeptical.

Norman Thomas, Socialist Candidate for President, who has for many months demanded Federal prosecution of plantation owners, doubts the good faith of the conference. First let the State produce Frank Weems, end flogging and protect the share-croppers' right to organize, he argues.

**Editorial Comment**—One of the few Southern papers to break the silence, *The Arkansas Gazette*, in Little Rock, calmly counseled:

"The first thing to do with the many-sided problem of landless rural families is to reduce the facts to understandable form. No measures are going to make all the millions of tenants and share-croppers independent and successful farmers on their own resources.

"But all who are capable should have their chance. Nor should others be abandoned to themselves. Ways and means should be sought to improve their situation for their own good and for the good of the whole cotton country."

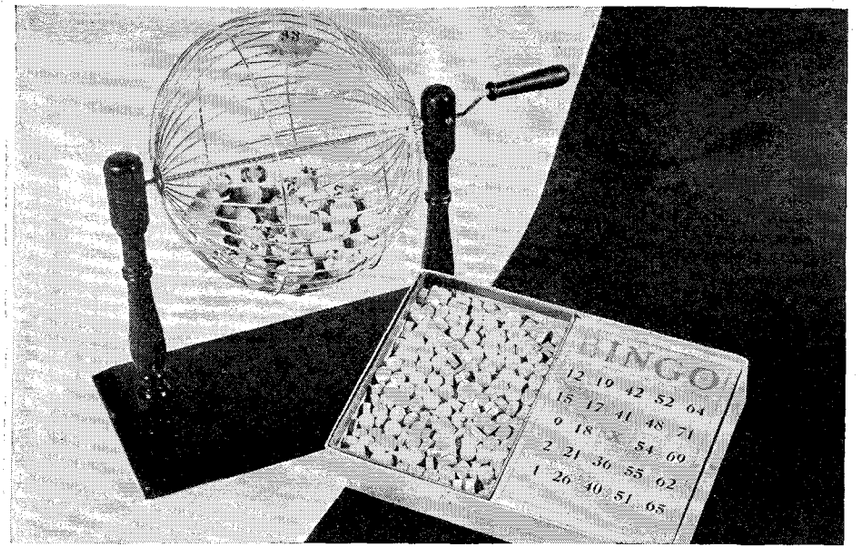
## BEANO AND BINGO: Other "O" Games Under Inquiry as Craze Becomes "Menace"

"It's Beano Night!"
"It's Bingo Night!!"
"It's Keno Night!!!"
"It's Screeno Night!!!!"
"It's Tango Night!!!!!"

Heralds, banners, neon lights, theater marquees and festooned emblems are now used to interest pleasure-loving citizens in recent variations of the "o" series of games, once a pleasantly innocuous relaxation at seaside resorts, county fairs and church socials. In many States police have looked askance at the spurting craze, whereas in Massachusetts, legislators have definitely termed it a public menace.

Of late beano has been the principal offender. Boston's Mayor Mansfield was shocked recently to find the game largely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch

Bingo paraphernalia: game, starting as money-raiser for charity, becomes "alarming" craze

commercialized. Nightly thousands of citizens were flocking to sumptuous "beano parlors" with expensive chromium and wood-inlay tables, thick rugs, deep cushioned chairs and all the comforts of former *de luxe* speakeasies.

"The beano craze is growing too rapidly for the good of the city and its citizens," the Mayor declared. Then, taking the matter in his own hands, he summarily revoked every license in the city. Since that action he has granted licenses to seven charitable organizations of repute. But even these permits are valid for only twenty-four hours.

**Annoyed Public**—Some Boston townsfolk are peeved at this ruling; they must return to penny instead of three- and five-dollar antes; they must play in church basements and club halls and pass evenings trying to win a bridge lamp or a sack of flour.

Under the guise of charity, the Massachusetts Legislature in 1934 approved this supposedly mild form of gambling. Only *bona fide* charitable, fraternal or religious organizations were allowed by law to apply for "beano party" licenses. The proceeds from these *soirees* were to be used for charity.

The first repercussion came from Lawrence, Massachusetts. In August the Mayor discovered that of the $32,000 taken in by beano parties since the beginning of the year, only $700 had gone to charity. Then a large church in Worcester sponsored a $550,000 State-wide beano drive. But not one cent was returned by promoters. This incident precipitated an investigation by the U. S. Attorney and resulted in several arrests.

Soon afterward, underworld leaders, realizing the possibilities of the game, exploited the commercial end. To evade the law forbidding cash prizes, the gambling czars substituted certificates redeemable for either cash or prizes and set up a mass of dummy charities.

**Easy to Play**—Cause of all the hullabaloo, beano is a simple game. Played by any number of persons on small checkered cards, the procedure, if not the principle, differs in various localities. In some places the players throw darts, wooden pieces, corn or beans at numbers; in others, numbered balls are rolled in a cage. A scorer calls a number at a certain point. The player first filling five squares in a line on his card with the announced numbers is the winner.

The game itself was popularized three years ago by a Massachusetts manufacturer who coined the word "beano" and later won a court decision to prevent others from using the title when his particular equipment was not used. Following the decision, other terms such as "bingo" and "keno" were employed for similar games by promoters.

Beano ran afoul of the law last year in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where licenses are granted to charitable organizations, but professional games are forbidden. Nevertheless, in a vacant garage outside the city limits, gamblers wink at authorities as 750 persons assemble nightly to play the game to the limit.

In Providence, Rhode Island, the game is going full blast as bingo. Whole families turn out to play for prizes ranging from a can of soup to an automobile or a fur coat. The cost varies from a penny a game to fifty cents admission with "specials at two, five and ten cents a game." Late into the night, winners may be seen lugging home chairs, table-lamps and other prizes. Often a cash award is "special."

**Variation**—Several years ago the Los Angeles police found another variation of the game, "tango," to be the biggest racket thereabouts.

Winners were paid in cigarettes which they exchanged next door to the playing halls for cash.

All of these games are direct descendants of lotto—Italian for lot. In the middle ages a Genoese magistrate is supposed to have selected the members of his council by placing ninety names in an urn and drawing five. People began to bet on successful names and soon, substituting numbers, devised the game of lotto. *Via* France, the game reached this country as keno.

Similar principles have long been used by children in tick-tack-toe, game of squares and circles, the scores of which have decorated walls, floors, schoolroom slates and chalk-boards and table-cloths for many years.

Recently motion-picture producers have become increasingly annoyed by still another variation — "screeno" — which is played in some 9,000 theaters throughout the country with audiences filling out the cards, a dial being flashed on the screen with the numbers. Several companies are trying to put a stop to this audience-baiter as well as "bank night," "div-vy," "cash night," "jack-pot," "gold-mine" and the like.

# COLUMNISTS ON 1940 AIMS OF LEWIS

**Paul Mallon,** North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "The Roosevelt labor ralliers at their convention were not very shy about their long-range thoughts of electing John L. Lewis President in 1940 on a Labor Party ticket.

"None of the speakers said anything officially about it. The words 'third party' were never mentioned. No demonstrations were staged for any one except President Roosevelt.

"But if you will add up the following facts you will get the proper sum total of what the boys hopefully have in mind: (1) Their resolution establishing their group as a permanent organization said labor should be in position 'to adjust ourselves intelligently and effectively to any political realinement that may occur following the reelection of President Roosevelt.' (2) Mr. Lewis, the prospective candidate, opened his own door, saying: 'I do not know, after this election, what labor will do . . . but labor will undertake to do that thing politically which labor believes to be of the greatest advantage to labor.' (3) New Deal Handyman Berry added they propose to furnish 'the instrument through which we can effectively and intelligently play our part in the realinement, if a realinement is to come, in the political parties of this country."

**Frank R. Kent,** Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.: "Mr. Lewis himself, with his great bull voice and mastodonic manner, struck the key-note. With vast contempt he referred to Governor Landon as 'this little man from Topeka' who knows no more about the national ills than a 'goatherd.' In a coarse, name-calling speech which stirred great enthusiasm, he called Mr. Landon 'a puppet of the duPonts' and a number of other things, winding up with a roar in which he acclaimed Mr. Roosevelt the 'greatest humanitarian ever to occupy the Presidency.' The Lewis aids, Berry, Bell and Hillman, followed in like delicate vein. Governor Landon was denounced as a 'strike breaker.' It was asserted that he was the tool of interests which 'are against everything decent.' It was intimated that he favored sweat-shops and child labor, that he was an oppressor of the poor and had ground down his own workingmen, paying them 'the lowest wages in the United States.'

"In brief, these labor leaders, committed to Mr. Roosevelt a year in advance, gave their followers no choice whatever."

**Dorothy Thompson,** New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy newspapers: "Labor's Non-Partizan League will support the Democratic Party in 1936 in the hope that between 1936 and 1940 it can be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned into a Labor Party. That plan was stated clearly enough at the meeting on Monday, but it is not at all clear what the philosophy of such a Labor Party would be. One group in the League are Socialists, who have broken with Mr. Thomas on the question of strategy. They think the quickest way to Socialism is *via* President Roosevelt, altho they know perfectly well that the President is not a Socialist.

"The President of the Non-Partizan League, Major Berry, and John L. Lewis, of the Committee on Industrial Organization, are not Socialists. On the economic side theirs is a program of vertical trade-union organization, the creation of 'monolithic unions to deal with monolithic industry,' and on the legislative side, their plans are expressed in NRA. That combination might open the way for an American version of what is called in Italy the Corporate State."

**Hugh S. Johnson,** United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty newspapers (permission New York *World-Telegram*): "Many disturbed commentators regard Labor's 'Non-Partizan' League as a final political crystallization of class war. To some of them it is the beginning of a movement that, according to Dorothy Thompson, may lead to Communism or to the Italian Corporate State. To others it is John Lewis's bid for the Presidency in 1940 on a program leading to a dictatorship and red revolution. If anything leads to the candidacy of John L. Lewis for President, it would be O.K. with this writer, who does not believe in any change in our system. There would be at least one vote for him cast in confidence and considerable amusement. In the words of Kipling, referring to Boer 'enemies' of the Empire, 'I've seen a lot of fellows shoot a dam' sight worse than Piet.'

"The 'Non-Partizan' Labor League may be a vehicle for the political aspiration of the ambitious George Berry, whose lapel labels, 'Pick Berry,' almost nominated him for Vice President in 1924—an honor from which he was blocked then by no less an authority than Franklin Roosevelt. But the league is no accessory to any political ambition of John Lewis—only to his hopes for his labor ideals.

"His logic on that was simple. It was the reverse of the suicidal tactics of the Jeffersonian Democrats, the Coughlinites, Townsendites, Longites and Lemkeites. By opposing Roosevelt they are contributing to the worst enemy they could conjure up. Lewis has more sense. In some industrial unions, especially in the clothing industry, there are avalanches of votes that would go to Norman Thomas if there were nowhere else to go. For them so to vote would be to vote for Landon, John Lewis knew. He knew that there is no chance for his ideals under Landon. The 'Non-Partizan' League gave these votes a place to go and not be worse than wasted—just common sense strategy."

**Mark Sullivan,** New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy-five newspapers: "Some in the Administration dream of a Labor Party in America, to have the same important place in politics that Labor Parties have in some European countries. Such a Party would supplant or absorb the present Democratic Party. Those who dream of a Labor Party in America think that Mr. Lewis's new CIO, if successful, would be the nucleus of it. Consequently they favor Mr. Lewis in his present struggle against the American Federation of Labor."

# Topics in Brief

IT'S easy to distinguish a liberal in politics. He's the fellow who wants to spend the conservative's money.—*Nashville Banner.*

MAN Fined $10 for Shooting at Traffic Cop.—Head-line. For goodness' sake—is that against the law?—*Providence News-Tribune.*

A POLITICAL leader's task is to keep ahead of four or five crowds, each going in a different direction.—*Savannah (Ga.) Morning News.*

AN onion growers' group is considering a publicity campaign of nation-wide scope. It sounds feasible if the wind is with them. —*Detroit News.*

A FARMER has been arrested for counterfeiting. Every one seems determined that the farmers shall not make any money.—*Springfield Union.*

THE trick in campaigning is to give them platitudes without fear or favor and straight-from-the-shoulder generalities.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN Arizona a citizen supporting seven wives has been sent to prison for eighteen months. Thus, occasionally, is justice tempered with mercy.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

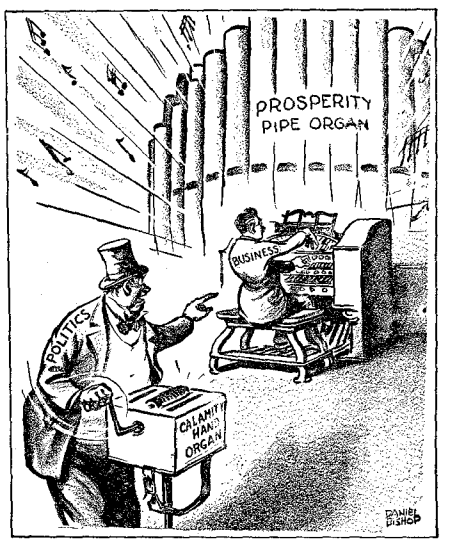
ONE of our local youngsters was wondering the other day what he would be when he grows up. The answer seems obvious. He'll be a taxpayer.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THE people are sharply divided into two classes at this time: The ignorant, illogical, prejudiced and emotional rabble—and those who are going to vote for your candidate.—*Washington Post.*

THE Federal Writers' Project has started work on a five-million-word history of New York City. The story of the creation was written in seven hundred words, but not at government expense.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

—Yardley in the Baltimore Sun




"HEY! SOFT PEDAL THAT. THEY CAN'T HEAR ME"

—Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times

AN Iowan has traced 35,000 living relatives, which is better than to have 35,000 living relatives trace him.—*Louisville Times.*

IN various parts of the world it is being noted that while the market-basket grows lighter, the ammunition bill grows more and more burdensome.—*Washington Star.*

Now the Olympics are all over except for the welcome to the returning athletes and the roasting of the fatted Committee. —*Boston Globe.*

THAT New York man's offer of $10,000 for a real ghost should be attractive to the boys who are writing speeches for some of the candidates.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"EVERY time *Uncle Sam* spends a dollar he takes in 46 cents." Yet the Government has the nerve to chide people who buy sweepstakes tickets.—*Toledo Blade.*

LEMKE says no one will be evicted from his home if he is elected. Where will the new President reside, with the White House already occupied?—*Omaha World-Herald.*

NEARLY as many people meet death from accidents in homes as are killed in traffic accidents, but we still blame the automobile. So many people who own cars break their necks scurrying around getting ready to go somewhere.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A WOMAN has just been selected as the safest driver in California, she having driven over 600,000 miles without an accident. But maybe she's one of those drivers that every one else gets out of the way of when they see her coming.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

"THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND Estimated Killed and One Hundred Thousand Wounded in Spanish War." Too bad! Too bad! And yet there's one very easy and simple way to settle the whole row in Spain without shedding another drop of blood. Let THE LITERARY DIGEST go over there and take a straw vote.—*R. H. L. in Chicago Tribune.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# OTHERS PLAY AT WAR AS SPAIN FIGHTS

## Ten European Nations Intensify Army, Navy and Air Maneuvers

Before the ink was dry on Downing Street's pious promise that no Briton should aid Loyalists or Rebels in Spain, the Admiralty, up the street by London's Trafalgar Square, had snapped out wireless orders to the fleet making the promise a scrap of paper.

Decks cleared, guns unlimbered for action, the battle-cruiser *Repulse* and four big British destroyers caught the command; heading eastward from Gibraltar, they steamed for Melilla on the Spanish Moroccan coast.

Past a rusty little Loyalist destroyer, straight into Rebel General Franco's airplane base at Melilla, they escorted the British merchantman *Gibel Zerjon*. The ship bulged with gasoline for the Rebels. (During every hour of daylight, Franco's planes run dark-skinned Moors, twenty in a batch, over to Algeciras on the Spanish Coast; it takes a lot of gasoline.)

Meanwhile, diplomats beamed upon Germany and Italy, which had signed up in France's non-Intervention club; they pooh-poohed popular fears of general war. At Lloyd's, odds went up to seven to one for peace.

**Lively Warriors**—In ten countries, generals beamed, too—and ordered nearly a million men under arms. For war? Nothing of the kind! The season had come for the annual war games.

For realistic effect, Benito Mussolini flew his own plane to the "battle-front" in the arid Italian Ipinia region where motorized veterans, back from Ethiopia, were showing that they know how to dig wells. To make the game the more convincing, he ordered the use of real shells instead of blanks.

Over the Alps, Austria unveiled a new army and air-force created, like Germany's, contrary to treaty. Near Vienna, Austrian airmen played at landing machine-guns by parachute. And in the mountains "express" divisions of mechanized cavalry and tanks crashed and clanked in mimic war.

Top-hatted little President Edouard Benes led France's General Schweisguts out to see Czechoslovakia's maneuvers at Pardubice; and Soviet General Vensov and Polish Commander-in-Chief Ridz-Smygly were guests at France's war games stretching half-way across France from Tours to Nancy. Up at the famous Maginot line, France showed that she could, in six hours, man every one of the chain of underground fortresses stretching from Switzerland to Belgium.

**German Display**—Germany, accusing everyone but herself of warlike intentions, dispatched seven more war-ships to Spanish waters; and continued land war games which began three weeks ago and will continue to mid-September. Army men of all nations are invited by Hitler to see for themselves that his "reborn" army can be swelled to a million in the twinkling of an eye. His greatest spectacle was the whole population around the giant Leuna Werke diving into everything-proof dugouts while the new Swastika bombers simulated a realistic raid.

Russia, too, is playing at slaughter; all her air-force and nearly a third of her army of a million and a half are bombing, trenching and bombarding from the Baltic to the Japan Sea.

Unspectacular are the British land games this week along her south coast; but orders are in for an impressive Mediterranean display next month when Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, plans to show every one, and especially Mussolini, that Britannia still rules the Middle Sea.

Men are marching, too, in war games in Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria. It is only a game. No one, no one at all, dreams of war.

**Franco's Pledge**—While with camouflaged movements his Nazi and Fascist sympathizers replenished his dwindling supplies, General Franco knelt at the altar of Burgos's Gothic cathedral and pledged a war to the finish against the "Red Government of Madrid." He then conferred with Gen. Emilio Mola, arranged for the building of two airports outside the once-famous wool mart, and flew south to old Seville.

There he read cheery reports of how 500 Loyalists were mown down while trying to land at Palma, Capital of Majorca. He denounced the Madrid Government for its use of poison gas in the Guadarrama Mountains and ordered a merciless drive on Toledo, forty miles from Madrid. Further to facilitate the movement between his northern and southern troops, he instructed northern headquarters at Burgos to move down to Valladolid, where General Mola's well-trained 200,000 troops radiated southeast against Loyalist centers.

To enlarge the bottle-neck he had driven through the western provinces separating the Madrid area from the Portuguese

### Line-Up of Embattled Spaniards

What is the difference between a Spanish *Loyalist* and a Spanish *Red?* The answer, judging by newspaper reports of the civil war, is no difference at all. Which is very confusing to readers.

In recent weeks, a whole confusing vocabulary has burst upon Americans from Spain. The reason is that correspondents, isolated from one another on separate fronts, have been unable to coordinate their improvised terminologies.

In a broad sense, the civil war is a rebellion of regular army officers acting for conservative political groups which were defeated in last February's elections. These officers are in revolt against the Popular Front Government.

Meanwhile, the Catalonian Government, already semiautonomous, has socialized all land and industry *à la* Soviet, and moved to secede completely from the Madrid Government, while continuing its war against the army Rebels.

At the outset, it became clear that the plot had been carefully prepared by Gen. Francisco Franco, who immediately became the Rebels' Commander-in-Chief; Gen. Emilio Mola, Rebel Commander in the North; Gen. Miguel Cabanellas, President of the Rebels' Provisional Government, and Gen. Gonzalo Quiepo de Llano, Rebel Commander in the South.

The following table was designed with the hope of fitting together the pieces of the Spanish jig-saw puzzle:

#### Government

Variously referred to as Loyalists, Reds and Leftists.

President of the Spanish Republic is Manuel Azaña, head of the Popular Front Government formed last February through a coalition of the following parties:

1. Center:
   (a) Radical Party; favors Republican régime and cooperation with Right Parties.
   (b) Conservative Republican Party; Catholic and conservative.
   (c) Independents.
2. Left:
   (a) Socialist Party; favors confiscation of landed estates and socialization of production; anticlerical and antiroyalist; leaders: Francisco Largo Caballero (extremist) and Indalecio Prieto (moderate).
   (b) Radical Democratic Party; favors complete separation of Church and State, free public schools, evolutionary improvement of peasants' and workers' living conditions by legal process.
   (c) Catalonian Left Party; favors radical social, economic and political reforms and regional autonomy.
   (d) Communist Party; Soviet-minded, bitterly anticlerical, favors State ownership of all industries.
   (e) Anarcho-Syndicalists; belligerent labor group which flouts constitutional methods and demands local autonomy everywhere.

*Civil Guard:* Mobile constabulary recruited from the army; formerly loyal to Government, but now divided between Rebels and Loyalists; actual strength 22,000, of whom 5,000 are mounted.

*Army:* About 160,000 effectives, mostly deserted to Rebels.

*Marxist or Workers' Militia:* Emergency male and female volunteers mustered by Socialist, Communist and Anarcho-Syndicalist leaders.

*Red Carmens:* Militiawomen taking active part in front-line fighting.

*Assault Guard:* Shock police troops numbering 17,000, mostly with Rebels.

#### Rebels

Loosely termed Whites, Monarchists and Fascists, they are supporters of the Rightist Popular Action bloc formed last February to offset the Leftist coalition of the Popular Front, and embracing the Royalists, Clericals and Fascists.

In general, they are opposed to rapid social, political or economic reforms, altho, with the exception of the Royalists, they have become reconciled to Spain's Republican *form of government.* They are supported by at least nine Parties, including:

(a) Renovacion Española; royalist reactionaries led by José Calvo Sotelo, whose assassination on July 13 precipitated the civil war.

(b) Falange Española; led by Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the former dictator and now in a Madrid jail. They are strongly Fascist, reactionary and proclerical, bitter haters of Communists.

(c) Agrarian Populist Party; Catholic Nationalists, whose leader, José Maria Gil Robles, fled the country at the outbreak of the insurrection.

(d) Traditionalist Party; Monarchists opposed to Alfonso's return; intensly Catholic and conservative.

Beyond Parties, but included in General Mola's rebel forces of the North, are the Carlists, red-bereted peasant militia from Navarre (of which Pamplona is the Capital) numbering approximately 20,000; devoutly Catholic, bent on restoring monarchical government, but with descendants of Don Carlos—*i.e.*, the "legitimist" branch of the former ruling house.

*Foreign Legion:* Organized in 1920 and patterned after the French body. It counts 6,000 men and officers of Spanish and other nationalities.

*Moroccan Regulars, or Moors:* Stationed in Spanish Morocco, now in complete Rebel control; number about 35,000, of whom 10,000 are native Arabic-speaking Moors. Also included in Rebel control are the Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean; and the Canary Islands, off the west coast of Africa in the Atlantic Ocean.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© International

A Loyal pilot on the alert to help repulse rebel attackers in one of the war-planes which was used in action during the raid on Palma de Mallorca

border, his southern wing of 20,000 Moors and Foreign Legionnaires hurriedly reenforced the advance columns which had captured Badajos and Merida the week previously.

**Setbacks**—Disconcerting was the news that Franco's two battle-ships, the *Almirante Cervera* and the *Espana*, were disabled by Loyalist gunners stationed at Fort Guadalupe, that 200 Rebel prisoners had been slaughtered at San Sebastian. His march against Malaga, on the Mediterranean, was not making much headway; discontent was flaming among Moorish regulars at La Linea and those marching on Granada. Angry because the Rebel command had not paid their wages, they looted towns and villages, selling the spoils for a song.

**Counter Bluffing**—Rebel bluff was neatly matched by Loyalist War Minister Juan Sarabia, who announced that his workmen had completed fortifications on the Guadarramas. "The danger never was great; now there is not the remotest possibility that the Rebels will reach Madrid."

In Catalonia, the Government continues its socializing of industry. It also launched an expedition of 2,000 troops to the Balearic Islands. With equal zeal, in Malaga Province, grandee-hating shepherds continued their war against the Rebels by catapulting grenades from sling-shots. Asturias miners marched with cigars between their teeth to light the fuses of their hand-bombs.

Denouncing the "atrocious mockery" of the Marxist supporters of Spain's Government, Vatican high officials listed five bishops as murdered and one burned since the start of the civil war.

## WAGNER WINS: Europe Has Two Great Festivals, Despite Olympics and War-Clouds

For seventy years, Germans have trekked every summer to Bavaria's Baireuth to weep ecstatically over the sweet strains of Richard Wagner. This year, the pounding feet of Olympic runners beat out a rival and fresher score.

The conflict in dates was a poser for reverential Nazis, particularly in view of *Der Fuehrer's* devotion to the composer. Would good Germans permit their Aryan *Komponist* to play second fiddle to panther-muscled American Negroes? Still, reasoned Herr Hitler, the Reich would not get the Games for a generation, while Wagner was perennial. Decision worthy of Solomon: to split the twenty-five-day Baireuth Festival in two, with an interlude of pole-vaulting and tourist-toadying.

Less than 200 miles away, Austria's ancient Salzburg faced no such quandary. There, music-lovers of the world, unmindful of wars, droughts and other troubles, tossed about for thirty-five dreamy days on a sea of sibilant sound.

**Distant Rumbles**—Tho both great festivals were drowned from the news by overtones of Europe's more tragic dramas, the Austrian spectacle won a world-wide hearing by radio when NBC broadcast six performances over the Western Hemisphere, with intimate comments describing the scene. Missing on the air were the rich fruit and vegetable aromas floating into the hall from the market outside.

Present at Salzburg were King Edward VIII of England (*incognito* but enraptured), Chancellor Kurt Schushnigg of Austria, and Bonnie Prince Otto, aspirant to the throne of his Hapsburg fathers. Present at Baireuth (both before and after the Berlin Games) was a triumvirate no less formidable, much more imposing: *Der Fuehrer*, Gen. Hermann ("a uniform for every occasion") Goering, Dr. Paul Joseph ("you can't print that") Goebbels.

**Founded by Master**—The Baireuth Festival was inaugurated in 1876, after years of struggle for funds, by Wagner himself. It was destined to be the one spot on earth at which the *Meister's* music dramas would be perfectly performed in a perfect setting.

The Salzburg Festival, founded in 1842 in honor of Austria's Mozart, was an intimate affair until 1933, when Nazi airplanes showered it with menacing leaflets, and 300 newspaper men hurried thither to see if the throwaways would be followed by bombs.

No rude explosions scarred the winding streets and fountained squares, but the scare-publicity made Salzburg a cosmopolitan center for infatuated music addicts who, between operas and concerts, drive out to lovely St. Gilgen, swim in the Wolfgangsee and lunch at the White Horse Inn.

## "OLD FOX" OUTFOXED: Conservative Wins in Placid Quebec's Political Upheaval

Beneath the surface calm, one of the oldest governments in the world is giving way to one which is brassy new and tinged, at least, with fascism.

Tourists driving over buggy roads or sniffing salt air from the terraces of the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec noticed no changes in French Canada this week. Traffic is quiet in the Capital. Ancient clocks still disagree quaintly as to the hour. The rural population round about still clings to living ways reminiscent of 1759, when General Wolfe wrested Canada from the Frenchman, Marquis de Montcalm, in the historic battle on the Plains of Abraham.

But soon, forty-six-year-old Maurice Duplessis, bitingly sarcastic conservative, will take over the Premiership that for sixteen years has been held by Louis Taschereau, "Old Fox," leader of the Liberal Party.

Ninety-nine years after Louis Joseph Papineau's abortive rebellion failed to create an independent *Nation Canadienne*, the youth of Quebec Province are again crying:

"French Canada for French Canadians! Down with greedy interests controlled by English-speaking Canadians and Americans!"

Embarrassed, Duplessis, whom these youths helped vote into power, disavowed them and their campaign literature calling for a French-Catholic nation on the St. Lawrence.

**Loyalty Pledge**—"National Union" (name of his coalition party), he apologized, "does not imply a separate nation. I am unswervingly loyal to the British Crown."

Then, to placate his hotheads, he rushed preparations for a graft investigation aimed at, among others, American interests allegedly involved in wholesale corruption charged against the ousted Taschereau-led Liberals.

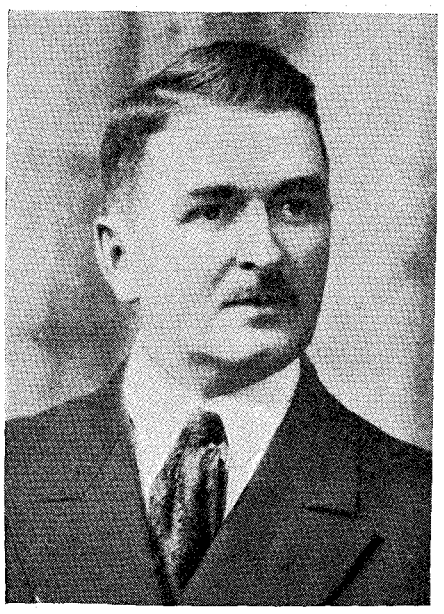
Duplessis's muck-raking rests on these charges: (1) Former Premier Taschereau's private law firm fattened on fees from concerns seeking government favors. (2) The three banks in which Taschereau held directorships waxed fat on the same firm's funds. (3) Taschereau packed sixty of his relatives and friends in soft government jobs, diverted interest on government funds in his banks to his family. (4) He and his relatives reveled in extravagant expense-accounts.

Chartered under Canadian law, Aluminum, Ltd. (Mellon), Saguenay Power Co. (Duke), Dominion Rubber Co. (U. S. Rubber), Singer Sewing Machine, General Electric, Westinghouse, International Paper and other façades of nearly a billion in American capital in Quebec tremble in anticipation of something worse than an American Senate investigation.

But the fifteen seats in Quebec's Legislative Assembly of ninety, which remain warmed by the disgraced Liberals, will be of little aid to foreign capital.

Duplessis was stung at fifteen by the political bee as he crouched behind a Chesterfield sofa, eavesdropping on talk of party bigwigs conferring with his father, Superior Court Judge and fifteen years an M. P. He first ran for office (unsuccessfully) at thirty-three. Educated to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wide World

Conservative Maurice Duplessis, who succeeds Quebec's Liberal party veteran

law, a King's Counsel, he won an Assembly seat at thirty-seven. He held it until and including the elections of August 17, when, paradoxically, a slogan of his campaign was "end of government by lawyers."

Five feet, eight inches tall, with glittering, almost black, eyes and thick chestnut hair, Duplessis is a "good mixer," witty conversationalist, fierce, quick-trigger debater and a bachelor.

---

## COLONIAL CONTEST:

### Britain Disturbed About Germany's Overtures to Portugal

Not the least of Britain's worries is the knowledge that rearmed Germany wants colonies. Last week, while London was stewing about what Hitler might do in Africa, the news leaked out that *Der Fuehrer's* agents were buzzing Portugal about the purchase of Goa, picturesque settlement on the west coast of the Indian Peninsula.

Neither Goa nor its subterritories of Diu and Daman are particularly important to Lisbon. To Britain they are extremely important, for if they fell into the hands of a potential enemy, that enemy would be able to create a strategic naval base and trading center 250 miles south of Bombay. Having had a treaty of "eternal friendship" with Portugal since 1661, London does not mind having her as neighbor. A Nazi foothold in the East might turn reawakening India into a hotbed of nationalist propaganda.

No less alarmed than his British friends, but for different reasons, was Gen. Joao Carlos Craveiro Lopes, young Governor-General of Portugal's tiny possessions in India. As a fervent Catholic, he regarded with horror the occupation of Goa, which houses the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier, by infidel, church-baiting Nazis.

**Ancient Outpost**—A lone landmark of Portugal's erstwhile Asiatic Empire, Goa was conquered in 1510 from its then Moslem Sultan by Alfonso d'Albuquerque, famed as the Portuguese Mars. A thriving seaport and the starting-point for Indian Moslems who yearly journeyed on the pilgrimage to Mecca, Goa vied with Calcutta as a commercial center.

In the wake of the conquerors came the Franciscan missionaries, who were later joined by St. Francis Xavier. With indomitable zeal, this young missionary daily stalked through the streets of Goa, ringing a bell and urging all to report for religious instruction at the College of St. Paul, which he founded.

Unsatisfied with his spiritual conquests in his first field, St. Francis went into the Indian mainland with his teachings. He died on his way to convert China, ten years after his arrival in the East, in 1542. So loved and renowned was St. Francis that his followers credited him with a knowledge of scores of languages and countless miracles which he humbly disowned. To honor his work, the church canonized him and enshrined in the Church of the Bon Jesus his body, which, it is asserted, has defied decomposition.

**Expanding Colony**—While St. Francis extended the Catholic Church's influence, Portuguese soldiers added Daman and Diu to Goa. Meantime, however, Dutch traders and navigators were making heavy inroads on their commerce, while fierce Mahratta tribes from the mainland and frequent cholera epidemics devastated Portugal's Indian stronghold. Gradually, Goa's population shrank from 200,000 to 30,000. In 1759, the Jesuits, who were traders as well as preachers, were expelled, and another Capital, called New Goa, or Panjim, was built near the old site.

Mostly Catholics and of mixed Portuguese and Indian strain, the chocolate-skinned Goanese of to-day thrive on transit trade, which is plied through the city's modern port. There are important salt works throughout the colony. The population of the entire settlement numbers about 600,000 Portuguese and Marathi-speaking Eurasians, Hindus, Parsees and Moslems.

New Goa, or Panjim, is a picturesque city whose 10,000 inhabitants are proud of its modern harbor, medical schools, barracks and the viceregal palace, which houses the Legislative Council. It is also the seat of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who is the primate of the East and patriarch of the East Indies, with a jurisdiction over the whole of Indian Catholicism.

## STONE-AGE SCIONS?

### Pigmy Bedouin Bushmen Retain Ways of Aboriginal Life

To spade-bearded French Senators, supping leisurely at Larue's, fresh-killed partridge and truffles spell the *gourmet's* seventh heaven. The pigmy Bedouin Bushmen of Africa's Kalahari Desert have their own ideas. To them, one of the greatest gastronomic delights is scorpions. Squatting round their family fires, they devour these delicacies by the hundreds, plopping them with relish between bulging lips. The remainder of their diet is made up of jackal-meat, ostrich and ant-eggs and roots.

Next month, scientists from all over the world will be able to watch such a feast in the center of the British Empire Exhibition which opens September 15 at Johannesburg, Union of South Africa. And watching, they may be able to trace the origins of primitive man to the bleak desert that stretches its sandy, sparsely-treed expanse in the southwest corner of the Dark Continent, where scorpions have been food for thousands of years.

Mostly through guesswork, scientists from the time of Aristotle have nursed the theory that these yellow-skinned, straight-nosed aborigines, with bulging foreheads and prominent cheek-bones, are the oldest of Africa's denizens. Their ancestors, it is believed, came from the northern regions of the Dark Continent, or even from Europe, carrying with them stone age culture, as judged by the paintings and rock engravings which decorate prehistoric dolmens.

**Scientific Hunter**—For years untold, these music-loving, missionary-shy natives have intrigued Donald Bain, veteran hunter of gemsbok and springbok, who noticed that they rarely went for these straight-horned antelopes. He found that the flint of their arrows carries a weak poison, requiring a two or three-day chase to track down the wounded game.

Recently Bain entertained members of the Cape Town University Kalahari Expedition with a dance of Bushmen maidens, led by a thirteen-year-old, wide-hipped girl. Echoes of the age-old songs, hitherto unheard by civilized ears, filled the night air

Globe

Pigmies of South Africa carry on the culture of the stone age . . . the "pièce de resistance" of their diet is scorpions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as they cadenced their movements with marvels of mimicry and grace. Their faces were smeared with gemsbok blood, and springbok skins swathed their waists, from which dangled ostrich-egg-shell beads. They carried their make-up of aromatic *buchu* powder in tiny tortoise shells fastened to their feet.

Weird and barbaric, the pristine African ballet quickly changed from a slow tempo to the pattering Charleston step. With drunken frenzy, the maidens shrilled their songs—the tones a mixture of the clicks, nasals and birdlike sputterings which form their language. Led by Old Abraham—a shriveled centenarian who still leers at comely maidens and prowls the desert with his youthful wife and year-old infant—older Bushmen joined the circle about a bonfire, under a red African moon.

**Dancing Contest**—To prove them agile and versatile, Bain proudly turned on a portable phonograph, himself tripped a fox-trot and loudly gloated over his triumph, when young and old gave the scientists a merry version of American jazz.

"I have covered thousands of miles in search of these Bushmen," Bain said, "and I believe a good proportion of them are full-blooded and valuable specimens of a vanishing race. Some of the people have brought their hunting-dogs to camp with them. The true Bushman hunting-dog, like the Bushman himself, is disappearing."

From the farthest corners of the Kalahari Desert, Prof. A. L. Dart of Cape Town University has collected valuable specimens to show that these unusual people, who rarely attain a five-foot stature, are the oldest African tribe. Prof. I. D. Maccrone, on the other hand, has proved by psychological tests that their intelligence is unusually keen. Except for occasional eye-trouble, they enjoy good health. Even gay Old Abraham can boast of a perfect set of teeth, like the rest of his tribesmen.

Years of study have convinced Professor Dart that he is on the verge of disclosing a deep human mystery by solving a peculiar condition of the female Bushman, known to science as steatopygia, or huge buttocks. Older scientists supposed this abnormal fat reserve, enabling the women to go foodless a whole month, was developed to tide them over lean times in caring for their babies. Usage made this condition an attraction, and the women angrily slap themselves when scientific measurements are taken of their rivals.

## GUILT AND DOOM: Sixteen Russians Hear Verdict After Fantastic Self-Vilification

"Guilty. To be shot."

Reveling in guilt, refusing defense counsel, calling no defense witnesses, outdoing Prosecutor Andrei Vishinsky in vilification of themselves, sixteen of the Lenin generation of Soviet Russia's founding fathers confessed to plotting the murder of Soviet Dictator Joseph Stalin.

Late Sunday night they were condemned to die.

Of the incredible eagerness with which the prisoners squabbled among themselves shouting, "I am the more guilty, for my treachery I deserve death!" there was but one explanation. Of the old original Bolsheviki none had ever been executed; and

Keystone

Gregory Zinovieff, Red Internationale official and shouting self-accuser

abject confessions of guilt have, in Soviet courts, saved lives that no defense could preserve.

Leonid Vasilievich Nikolaeff, another of the old Bolsheviki, shot and killed Sergei Mironovich Kiroff, Central Executive Committeeman, in 1934 in Leningrad. He too was convicted. But Stalin refused to execute him, sending 117 other Russians to the firing-squad instead.

On the possibility that again the deaths of others might propitiate the angry Soviet gods for the sins of the guilty, Gregory Zinovieff, Secretary-General of the Communist International; Leon Kameneff and Ivan Smirnoff, former high Communist officials, and thirteen others outshouted each other to admit:

1. That they had conspired with Leon Trotzky, exiled for opposing Stalin's headlong speeding up of industrialization and collectivization.

2. That the plot was for "removal of Soviet Russia's enemies."

3. That Stalin was enemy number one, and his Commissar of Defense, Klementy E. Voroshiloff, enemy number two.

4. That after those men were dead, Trotzky was to return and the "Trotzkyists" would seize control of Russia.

One woman, Saranova Faivilovich, vied with the other prisoners under the painted pink cupids of the old Nobles' Club for a lion's share of the guilt.

**Orgy of Guilt**—Unlike the Kiroff trial, this one was conducted without radio microphones or movie cameras. The Nobles' Club, now Moscow's Trade Union House, has a capacity of only 200; and these were carefully chosen to hear the orgy of confessions so amazing as to sound at times like a hilarious satire.

Admitting conspiracy with, of all people, Germany's Gestapo (Secret State Police), the prisoners declared intentions of utterly abandoning the communist ideal for which many of them had suffered pre-Soviet years in prison.

Implicated in their confessions, tho not accused, sixty-eight-year-old State Publisher Mikail Tomsky literally jumped the firing-squads' guns, killing himself at his home a few hours before the verdict.

Leon Trotzky, Minister of War in the days of the Bolshevik State, nervously vacations in Norway, disclaiming any part in such goings-on as the trial of a bunch of "bandits" in Moscow. "Humbug!" says he. "I'll show them they can't frame me just for revenge. The Dreyfus affair in France and the German Reichstag fire trials were nothing! Give me only a short time. The prosecutors will soon be the prosecuted."

## THREE SISTERS: The Soongs Likely to Influence Destiny of China

China, where vexed papas used to toss unwanted girl babies into the yawning Yangtse, has never been known as a land of petticoat rule. Yet, in its most trying hour, the fate and destiny of the Celestial Empire may well lie in the small, capable hands of three sisters who married well.

They are the Soongs—Ching-ling, Mei-ling and Ai-ling—better known as Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the Father of the Chinese Republic; Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, First Lady of the Nanking Government; and Mme. H. H. Kung, wife of the Chinese Minister of Finance.

The three sisters began early, earnestly and silently, as became their ancient tradition, to shape the emotional axis of the great political wheel of their country. But even before they were born, their father had prepared the way.

Father Soong was once named Charles Jones. At his baptism as a Christian in the Fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Wilmington, North Carolina, he took the name of his religious sponsor, the captain of the *Colfax*, in which young Soong reached the United States in 1880 from the Island of Hainan, off the southern coast of China.

While in North Carolina, Gen. Julian S. Carr of Durham became deeply interested in Soong's ambition, and agreed to put him through what was then Trinity College, now Duke University. In 1885, the boy received an English theological certificate from Vanderbilt.

**Mission Worker**—Back in his native land, Soong Charles Jones became a teacher and Southern Methodist missionary, met and married a pillar in the Christian community of Shanghai. She was a Miss Ni, whose ideas on dancing, gambling and other evils were passed on to her daughter Ai-ling.

Soong Ai-ling, the eldest, loved wisely and married a descendant of Confucius with a flare for finance.

Soong Ching-ling, the second, added her beauty and belligerent spirit to the revolutionary forces which made her husband a hero.

Soong Mei-ling, baby of the family, whose face, she once told an intimate friend, was the only thing Chinese about her, is carefully and methodically Westernizing the most militant dictator of the twentieth century Celestial Empire.

**Mixed Philosophy**—To the richness of her blood, quiet and unassuming Ai-ling added by marriage the wealth and power of a Christian gentleman—one time apostle of Confucius—H. H. Kung, former Minister of Industries, present Minister of Finance. To her Baptist mother's hard-headed, common sense notions of family life, Ai-ling mingled knowledge acquired in American schools that "soft words" not only have power to "soothe the savage breast," but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also bring one public favor of enemies as well as friends.

Doctor Kung is a business man as well as a politician. No pie is too small for him to stick a finger in, whether he pulls out a plum or not. His public charities are known abroad and give him a contact with the people at large, which is pleasing to his vanity. When things go wrong, however, and a situation with which he is toying turns ticklish or unpleasant, it is his wife's astute mind and gentle touch that extricate him.

**Political Refugee**—Soong Ching-ling remains alone and aloof from her sisters in both beauty and power. Graduated from Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, in 1913, she returned to China at the outbreak of the World War, only to find the Chinese Republic temporarily overthrown. Having joined the Kuomintang at the age of nineteen, she fled to Japan, where, almost at once, she met and married a young man who was destined to become a national hero—Sun Yat-sen.

Together, this young couple became the heart of China's militant youth, and following Doctor Sun's death in 1925, Mme. Sun redoubled her own strength to carry on, inflaming the masses with the principles of her late husband's revolutionary doctrine. But she and Wang Ching-wei, authentic ideologist of the party, soon realized that the Kuomintang was being replaced by a militaristic concept of society which put taxes in the category of plunder, closed schools and thereby increased illiteracy, and spread famine over a wider area than had ever before been known.

She is a strong sympathizer with the Red armies fighting to preserve the Central Provinces. She does not call herself Communist, but declares emphatically that "even if Japan conquers all of China, socialism of one form or another must eventually win out; either the incipient socialism of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, now discarded by the militarists, or the Soviet system that is progressing in central China."

While her husband lived, Soong Ching-ling played a large part in governing the Revolution. Since his death, she has gone forward as a leader of men as well as women. She has sold her jewels and household possessions to carry on the work, and clings stedfastly to the three-cornered Sun Yat-sen revolutionary document—demanding the immediate awakening, emancipation and enfranchisement of China's millions, the regeneration of the nation on a broad socio-democratic basis, and "death to the tyranny of militarism."

**Aid to Husband**—Soong Mei-ling, China's First Lady since the elevation of her husband, Chiang Kai-shek, to Generalissimo, youngest and for the moment most outstanding wit of the family, is constantly at her spouse's side. "I am much discouraged at times," she says, "but I believe it is the spirit of persistence and self-sacrifice which will eventually regenerate China. And the regeneration of China is coming, no matter what happens."

As the acknowledged belle of Shanghai, Soong Mei-ling became Mme. Chiang on December 1, 1927, and began at once to spread before her husband the beauties and benefits of the Western world. She taught him English, altho he prefers to have it believed that he speaks only Chinese, and often acts as his interpreter in talks with foreigners. Her accent is that of a Georgia debutante, for she was graduated from Wesleyan College in Macon, as a Durant scholar, that institution's highest award.

It is an odd sight for foreigners when China's First Lady turns to give orders from a swivel-chair on a tiger rug in their Nanking residence—her husband's right-hand man and secretary. She is an acclaimed statesman, tho her tactics remind one neither of Napoleon nor Frederick the Great.

Succinctly stating her philosophy, Mme. Chiang says: "Many people say they believe in this thing and that, and disbelieve in other things. My answer has been and is, that you can not change anything unless you change man's character. This means teaching people to love others as you love yourself—that is the heart of it all."

How far the Soongs will succeed in changing man's character is debatable, and whether the fate of China is in the hands of men or women, the next decade may prove a pointing finger.

Thus the land of bound feet turns in extremity to three sisters, unfettered and unafraid.

## DEVOTED QUEEN: Wilhelmina, at Fifty-Six, Is No Quitter, Netherlands Proclaims

The only King in Europe, a Frenchman once remarked, is the Queen of The Netherlands.

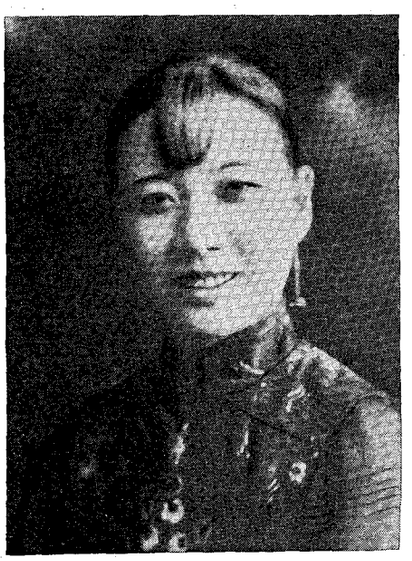
Next Monday Hollanders will celebrate the fifty-sixth birthday and thirty-eighth reigning year of Wilhelmina Hélène Pauline Maria, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, Queen of The Netherlands (see cover).

The anniversary amplifies an official denial of rumors that Europe's only Queen was on the point of abdicating in favor of Princess Juliana Louise Emma Maria Wilhelmina, only child of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Netherlanders never believed the canard, since their ruler's whole life had impressed them with her stern Calvinist devotion to duty. The plump mistress of the palace was anything, they felt sure, but a quitter.

Her birth in 1880 saved the Dutch throne from a German branch of the 1,000-year-old House of Orange-Nassau. At sixty-two, King William III took Adelheid Emma Wilhelmina Theresia, twenty-year-old Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, as his second wife. That same year, William, a son by Sophia, daughter of King William I of Württemberg, died unmarried. Five years later the other son, Alexander, also passed away without issue.

Wilhelmina succeeded to the throne at ten, under the grim and mirthless regency of Dowager Queen Emma. Through the sentimental 'nineties, magazines and newspapers ladled out sugary anecdotes about the Child Queen, in which she was pictured as any other happy, care-free girl.

**Defiant as Child**—The truth was that the yellow-haired, pudgy little girl passed a lonely childhood with her dolls—a memory which inspired her to provide democratic playmates for her daughter. Stubborn and wilful as a youngster—admiring subjects still call the Queen strong-minded and independent—she once announced after her mother had punished her: "I shall go right



Globe

© International

© International

The Soong sisters, gentle in manner and astute in mind, play important roles in the changing government of the Celestial Empire . . . Mme. Chiang Kai-shek (left), Mme. Kung (center) and Mme. Sun Yat-sen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out on the balcony and proclaim to the Dutch people how badly I am treated."

At eighteen she was crowned in Amsterdam. Hollanders braided the tail of every cow in the country with gay ribbons in honor of the "lily among the tulips," as a mauve decade phrase-maker called the plump girl.

The next year she offered her sprawling palace, the House in the Wood, for the first Hague Conference, which led to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and from then on her influence stood behind pre-War peace movements.

When the World War broke, she stood by the dikes of peace like her famous little countryman, holding back waves of Allied and Triple Entente propaganda which would have swept her people into the conflict.

**Furor Over Kaiser**—Her severest test came in 1918, when the War was over. Kaiser Wilhelm, in flight from his collapsing Empire, took refuge in The Netherlands. For the first time angry Hollanders rioted against the Queen. Ministers cautioned her to stay in the guarded palace. But Wilhelmina summoned an open carriage and drove through the crowded streets of The Hague almost unattended. The fickle public cheered her fearlessness, and young men unharnessed her horses that they might pull the carriage themselves.

In recent years, Communists have heckled her speeches opening Parliament, and Dutch Fascists have infuriated her in the streets by giving the Nazi salute. Yet Wilhelmina remains a Queen after the heart of the average stolid Dutch burgher and his wife.

**Buys at Home**—A plain, motherly-looking woman, she packs her solid figure into bulging gray, blue or white suits made by native tailors, not the Paris *couturiers* patronized by other Queens. The world's most diligent housewives love to catch a glimpse of the Monarch sewing by the palace window. She passes hours puttering over the flowers in her gardens. A few years ago she gave up riding, hunting and tennis, once favorite sports; but she still rides a bicycle. She also clings to her hobby, painting, and on her rare Scottish visits she settles down in the fields like any tourist to do a water-color of a heather-blue hill.

Underwood

Wilhelmina Hélène Pauline Maria succeeded to the throne of Holland at the age of ten

© International

Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana: rumors that the Queen will abdicate in favor of her daughter have been officially denied

Her courts, formal, stiff and dull, she holds as infrequently as possible. Their chief merit is that they permit the simple Queen to display her one weakness—priceless jewels.

The government of her people remains her greatest interest. State affairs crowd in on her breakfast-table with the Gelderland rye bread and cheese she munches like any Dutch *bourgeois*. Mornings she passes in her study over gold-crowned red portfolios fat with official documents. She never signs any paper she has not fully grasped. And heaven help the official less well-informed than the sharp-tongued Queen. She reads every book written on her country, it is said, whether in Dutch, English, French, German or Italian.

Altho The Netherlands is a constitutional monarchy, the Queen's power extends beyond its statutory limits. Wise politicians rely on her intelligent advice, and Wilhelmina never pampers fools. Through her favorite statesman, Premier Hendrik Colijn, a gray man as devout and serious-minded as his Sovereign, Wilhelmina has kept Communists and Nazis under control. Moreover, at her insistence that the retention of the gold standard was worth the sacrifices it cost, the nation staid on gold.

**Generous in Depression**—The Queen, whose fantastically rich East Indian holdings swell her income to $5,000,000 a year, made some of the depression sacrifices herself by granting her tenants more reductions than they had thought of asking. She donated generously to relief, cut her own civil list, and proposed a permanent reduction of the $840,000 yearly allowance the State gives the Monarch and her daughter.

Princess Juliana, heiress to her mother's throne and fortune, is royal Europe's greatest catch. Now twenty-seven, she has stubbornly resisted her mother's efforts to marry her off, and one by one court officials have sadly denied her engagement to twenty suitors. This month her prospect was Prince Charles of Sweden, nephew of King Gustaf and two years her junior.

The princess has her mother's wilfulness. On her first visit to England Juliana held up the London train for ten minutes while she puffed a cigarette—*verboden* (forbidden) at home. A student of economics, theology and philosophy—she won a doctorate of jurisprudence at the University of Leyden—the girl has been trained for her mother's job.

She will bring it more gaiety, for she has a nice wit. One night, when she was dancing at one of the public balls she patronizes in democratic fashion, a Frenchman on the stag-line commented on her sturdy legs:

"Look at those pillars!"

Holland's future Queen turned quickly. "Those are pillars of State," she chirruped in cheerful French. "They've got to be strong."

And on Monday, holidaying Hollanders will give thanks for her strong mother, whose courage has saved them from the European epidemic of war and revolution.

© International

The only reigning Queen in Europe celebrates her fifty-sixth birthday next Monday

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FARMING WITHOUT ANY GOOD EARTH

## Scientist's Beds Are Tanks of Water, With Mixed Chemicals

While Midwest farmers last week surveyed arid acres denuded of top-soil, the world's most modern farmer plucked luscious ripe tomatoes from fifteen-foot plants that grew without any soil whatever.

Drought holds no terrors for Prof. W. F. Gericke, who raises potatoes at the rate of seventy-five tons to the acre on the campus of the University of California, Berkeley. His "fields" are wooden tanks, ten feet long, two and one-half feet wide and ten inches deep, and his "rich, black loam" is water, diffused with eleven chemicals which combine to push tobacco plants twenty-two feet into the air.

**Simple Preparation**—"Preparing the soil" is simplicity itself, whether spring comes early or late. The tanks are filled with water and covered with wire netting on which is spread a half-inch "seed-bed" of plane shavings or excelsior. Into each tank goes a "fertilizer unit"—a bottle containing soluble salts of calcium, potassium, magnesium, iron, copper, manganese, nitrogen, phosphorous, sulfur, zinc and boron. Holes in a bottle-stopper like that of a salt-shaker permit the chemicals to diffuse slowly in the water, which electric-heating cables keep at just the right temperature.

As the seeds sprout, they send hungry little rootlets down into the rich, nutritious "plant soup." The "soil" can be made as rich or as lean as desired, simply by altering the mixture of chemicals.

Professor Gericke's experiments have been going forward for fifteen years. So far, he has successfully raised more than 100 different crops. The cost compares so favorably with that of ordinary farming that five California farmers installed tanks last spring. To-day they are raising potatoes and tomatoes for the market, and these orphan foods, which never saw dirt, are said to be equal in quality to any other kind.

What astonishes practical farmers most is the yield possible under such methods. Professor Gericke's tomatoes produced 306 pounds per tank, or more than fifteen tons to the acre. A single ten-foot tank turned out nearly twenty-six bushels of potatoes (there wasn't room for any more)—about 2,600 bushels to the acre.

Last year, U. S. farmers averaged only a little better than 116 bushels to the acre, producing 385,287,000 bushels of potatoes on 3,303,000 acres of land. Thus a single potato "tank farm" less than fifteen miles square would have equaled their entire output, counting only one crop a season.

And of course seasons would make no difference in a temperature-controlled greenhouse. There is no apparent reason why two, three or even four crops could not be raised if the plants were properly coaxed with artificial sunlight on dark winter days. Assuming three crops a year, a hypothetical farm about nine miles square could produce all the potatoes annually consumed by the French-fried, home-fried, boiled, baked, and potato-chip-hungry spud-eaters of America.

But Professor Gericke doesn't think farmers need to worry about the prospect. An ultraconservative scientist, the former Nebraskan dislikes wild and startling talk. He modestly says that he is only trying to see whether plants can be made to grow economically in "liquid media." The whole thing, he hastens to point out, is still in the experimental stage.

Theoretically, tho, his success opens up many new vistas, some perhaps practical, some merely amusing.

**Reductions in Cost**—Economists point out that if the new method should prove as cheap as the old, food prices would drop. Living, these optimists believe, would be easier and better, with "luxury foods" commonplace. Stocking the family pantry might be only a diversion for any garden-loving man, and even the tenement dweller could manage a farm on his roof.

Another item for speculation: refrigerator-cars might become obsolete, since there might be no further need to ship pineapples from Hawaii, oranges from Florida or California, persimmons from Alabama, or apples from Oregon. "Plant soup" and artificial climate would make all things growable anywhere.

Gone would be the myriad insects that now plague vegetable and fruit growers. Shut out in the cold, forced to eke out an existence on whatever dirt-grown weeds they could find.

Plant diseases, too. If any of the wilts, blights, rots, mosaics, rusts or cankers that now wither crops of the field got into the tank farms of the future, it would be due to sheer carelessness. Nor would there be any longer the problem of how to wash poison spray off the skins of fruits; there wouldn't be any spray.

**Animal Problem**—But what about cattle? No scientist has yet suggested a means of producing animals in chemical tanks. And if the tank system ever did, in the far-distant future, become a factor in farming, there would still be occupation for the 12,532,139 farm families of America in perfecting and expanding the production of dairy and beef cattle, poultry, game, hogs, sheep and blooded horses. There would still be room for compensatory expansion in the production of such cheap raw materials as cotton, soy-beans and tung oil.

That there is a broad field in the development of crops especially designed for the future synthetic chemical industries is the suggestion of Roger Babson, the economist. Subscribers to his conservative, economic forecasts recently were startled to find an entire page devoted to Professor Gericke's tank-farm experiments.

Mr. Babson's list of possible economic

Science Service

Prof. W. F. Gericke with his Gargantuan crop of potatoes . . . no fear of drought in his wooden-tank "fields"

Science Service

Orphan tomatoes which have never seen dirt . . . 306 pounds have been produced per tank



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© International

© International

Mind-block word habits: W. C. Fields: "Ah, yes—yes—yes, my little buttercup"; Boake Carter: "Is it not?"; Eugene Talmadge: "An' that ain't all—that ain't all"

## MENTAL GAPS: Psychologist Ascertains How Human Mind Snatches Rest-Periods

You are hard at work, and for a moment, your mind goes blank. If you are making a speech, suddenly you find that you can't collect your wits; you probably say "ah-h-h" to fill the gap. Perhaps you wonder if your mind is slipping.

Don't give it a second thought; your mind isn't slipping; it's resting. Last week, Prof. Arthur G. Bills, University of Chicago psychologist, revealed that every one has this "mental blank" trouble.

A laborer can work his muscles steadily, but eventually comes a time when he can work no longer; exhaustion forces him to rest. A mental worker, on the other hand, can work hour after hour without exhaustion because his mind rests itself.

In a normal adult who is not physically fatigued, enforced rest-periods occur three to five times a minute. These complete mental blanks, during which no amount of effort will carry on the train of thought, are usually brief—a second or less.

A tired person, however, may "block" as often as eight or ten times a minute, the blocks covering a space of two or three seconds.

Every one has speech habits unconsciously contrived to cover these gaps. If you repeat words or have some handy but meaningless phrases, you are probably making verbal trestles of them.

Public speakers who blank frequently have a habit of sprinkling their addresses with "ah-h-hs." Listeners observe that President Roosevelt glides his words: "My frien-n-nds." Alf Landon punctuates his speeches with "now-uh." Eugene Talmadge, Georgia's fiery Governor, has a pet expression: "An' that ain't all—that ain't all."

Boake Carter, the radio commentator, uses many an "Is it not?" W. C. Fields's comedy is partly exaggerated burlesque of mind-block word habits: "Ah, yes—yes—yes, my little buttercup."

As for Professor Bills, years of study of blank minds haven't given him any better way of meeting the problem. He admits that he "ah-h-hs."

Relaxing momentarily between beats, the heart manages to rest about ten in every twenty-four hours. The brain steals less time than that; it gets cat-naps amounting to about one-sixth of its working-time. If a person does mental work eight hours a day, his brain actually works six hours and forty minutes, rests an hour and twenty minutes.

**Testing Device**—In the psychological laboratory at the University of Chicago, Professor Bills has an ingenious machine for studying this mental habit. His subjects are postgraduate students; one after another, they sit before an illuminated slit, their fingers on a machine that looks like a five-keyed typewriter.

With the keys representing red, green, blue, yellow and white, the subject punches them as he watches a tape moving through the slit and exposing the same colors. On the tape, the colors are scrambled so that the subject doesn't know which color is coming next. As soon as he sees a color, he depresses the proper key, while his action is recorded, together with the reaction time. Simultaneously, the tape moves, exposing another color. But when the subject's mind blanks, he can not recognize the color. The hesitation shows on the chart.

When he establishes the average number and duration of mental blanks, Professor Bills experimented to see whether the increase in fatigue could be overcome. Deep breathing didn't help.

Then he rigged up a laboratory stratosphere suit and gradually decreased the amount of air his human guinea pigs breathed. The result was, in a fresh subject, the symptoms of fatigue.

Students now are going through the opposite experience; using an excess of oxygen to see whether that will help. Oxygen is being administered through an apparatus like a diver's helmet. It has been proved that the brain uses oxygen during work; perhaps an extra-rich mixture will make it work more steadily.

But, says Professor Bills, there probably is no way to keep the mind from stealing naps, even if it were desirable.

## SCIENCE SHORTS: Radio to Provide True Pitch A, Insane Women Get Beauty Aids

"Sound your A," generations of musicians have directed, while violins squalled and horns oomed in the mêlée of tuning that precedes the concert.

This week the National Bureau of Standards will sound its "A," and for the first time in the history of music the instruments of an entire continent may be on the same pitch. The 400-cycle note that corresponds to A on the piano will be broadcast continuously, day and night, for two weeks from the Bureau's short-wave station at Washington, transmitting on 5,000, 10,000 and 15,000 kilocycles. Any short-wave or household all-wave set can hear the true pitch by tuning in.

The broadcast is the suggestion of musical instrument makers, piano tuners and others who need a true pitch A.

* * *

**Beauty**—"When you get a woman to look into a mirror and see that her face is prettier, she's feeling better and takes a new interest in life."

That's how Dr. Robert Smith, Superintendent of the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, explains the new beauty treatment used for women patients. In a room lined with mirrors, expert "beauticians" use the newest beautifying devices. The treatment has worked so well, reports the *American Journal of Public Health*, that a special building has been erected for it. The place is always crowded with "customers," who make their own appointments, and can get anything from a manicure to a "top-to-toe" treatment that requires two hours.

* * *

**Eye Signs**—Hospital patients who are too ill to move their tongues needn't; they can use their eyes for talking.

Last week Dr. Wellesley Bailey, of Philadelphia, outlined an eye "sign language" for very sick people. In this code winking the right eye means yes. Winking the left means no. A fixed stare means asking a question, tho the nurse may have to guess what it is. Rolling the eyes upward means "I am hungry." Rolling them down means thirst. Doctor Bailey's full list of about fifty eye signals cover practically everything a patient may wish to say.

The patient may learn the language in advance, or pick it up from a book held before his eyes. But what to do about patients who can not wink one eye without closing the other Doctor Bailey doesn't say.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NEW FRENCH STAR STIRS HOLLYWOOD

## Mlle. Simone Simon Makes U. S. Début in "Girls' Dormitory"

To every motion-picture company comes the capricious day when it must unlock its vaults and sack them in the interests of a new foreign star.

Paramount slimmed its bulky bank-roll to put Pola Negri up front. Some years later it spent famously to make America aware of Marlene Dietrich. Both stars eventually earned their keep, with profit to Paramount. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scattered cash handily until Greta Garbo's name became a household word.

Now it's 20th Century-Fox's turn to sluice away a fortune for Simone Simon. The press is making it a little easier for this studio. Critics are accepting Mlle. Simon enthusiastically, even taking pains to assure readers that correct pronunciation of her name is "See-moan See-moan."

Last week, Mlle. Simon helped the exploiters by issuing a statement which was carried on every press-service wire in the country. Said Simon: "Hollywood stars are enslaved. In France we work six hours less a day in the studios than here."

**Triumphant**—Nothing Simon can say, nothing any critic will write, can help her so much as her first American picture, "Girls' Dormitory."

Shrewdly, 20th Century-Fox gave her a Continental locale and atmosphere for her first picture.

A play by Ladislaus Fodor was bought, Gene Markey turned it into cinema English. Herbert Marshall was summoned to furnish suavity on one side, Ruth Chatterton was hired to pull her punches and give the new girl every chance.

The picture is a tragic story of adolescent infatuation in a strictly conducted German girls' school. Pupil *Marie Claudel* (Simon) impetuously writes an ardent letter. The principal, Mr. Marshall, and a teacher, Miss Chatterton, try to use mature judgment and defend the girl. Two other teachers, however, persecute her until she confesses that she had the principal in mind when she wrote it. Her confession is made to the teacher, played by Miss Chatterton.

**Letter Explained**—It develops that the teacher has long had an unspoken affection for the principal. Later, *Marie* realizes she has interfered between her two most valuable friends and declares the letter was untrue, a girlish whim.

At graduation the principal gives the girls practical, kindly advice, directs most of it to impressionable *Marie*. Some time after, she is in a Paris café, hears a familiar voice. She turns and sees the principal. He has been looking for her.

Mlle. Simon combines impishness with fresh, appealing youth. She is a capable, resilient actress, thus far justifies all that has been written about her.

**Press Verdicts**—Los Angeles *Times:* "The new phenomenon of the screen, Simone evokes a tremendous appeal which will make audiences wish to see her again. Quaint, plaintive and subtly enchanting, she shines out in a bright début.

*Motion Picture Herald:* "A distinctive and attractive personality. She demonstrates a flair for both drama and comedy."

Heavy drama in a boarding-school: Mlle. Simone Simon, imported from France, makes her American film début in "Girls' Dormitory," a tragic tale of life in a German seminary

# MORMON HISTORY: Rise of Church and "Empire" Depicted in Edgar Lee Masters Play

A new play by Edgar Lee Masters, one of the few on the subject of Mormons, drew 1,200 persons to a grassy knoll on the campus of Union College in Schenectady, New York, one night last week. It was the world première of "Moroni."

A fitful evening breeze tugged at the scenery, whistled through the melancholy hair of the actors, but when the play ended 1,200 voices cheered for the author.

The Chicago lawyer who turned poet and biographer praised the cast, thanked Charles Coburn for his direction, retired.

**Lighting Experiment** — Director Coburn, faced with a difficult technical problem, solved it easily. He turned the footlights toward the audience. When a scene needed changing, and he had the lights brought up to full power, the audience was blinded.

"Moroni" details the founding of the Mormon Church by Joseph Smith, the prophet who was directed by the Angel Moroni to find the "golden tablets" on the side of a hill near Palmyra, New York.

Thereafter, it traces the domestic and religious crises in Smith's life, his ultimate death at the hands of a mob in Carthage, Illinois. The rise of Brigham Young to power in the church and his determination to lead the faithful to the "empire" in the valley of the Great Salt Lake are woven into the Smith theme.

Interested Broadway producers, making themselves as inconspicuous as possible, sneaked looks, were impressed.

# GAY ADVENTURE: "Walking on Air" Is Laugh-Provoking, Tho of Feathery Texture

A new contribution to late summer hilarity comes from RKO-Radio with "Walking on Air," a blithely insane picture which could not have cost half as much as many dull and unwieldy items pretending to the same mad clownishness.

This one is no more nor less than glorification of a want ad, in which two bankrupt adventurers advertise they are willing to undertake weird tasks.

Two persons read the ad: a strong-willed father and his equally granitic daughter. She is determined to marry a man already hub-deep in alimony troubles. The father sends for one of the advertisers, the burly one, and hires him as body-guard for the girl. The girl sends for the other, a slim, attractive youth, and engages him to pose as an insufferable French count.

**Tenuous Plot**—The plot, about as weighty as a feather, takes an amiable twist when the girl becomes interested in her phony count. He, too, has decided he'd rather have the girl than the job. This confuses things so that she has to flee, and he gives chase.

One discovers, amid other inconsequential pleasantries, that the counterfeit nobleman actually is a radio crooner. This gives Gene Raymond a chance to sing some artless, amusing songs.

Ann Sothern is at her best in the rôle of the headstrong girl, Henry Stephenson, for all that he is as British as Trafalgar Square, makes several audacious American jokes as if born to Broadway jesting.

**Critical Judgment**—A Hollywood preview launched the comedy to critical acclaim:

*Hollywood Reporter:* "Here's a sparkling romantic farce-comedy with songs that will hold its own for entertainment with almost any of the year's smartest laugh-provokers."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WPA CREATES NEW THEATERGOERS

Seven plays were on Broadway last week. They played eight performances each. Some fewer than 20,000 persons were in the combined audiences.

While these cash audiences sat in hot theaters under roofs of tin and tar, more than seven times their number sat beneath the stars in the parks of New York City to witness free performances of plays by the long-windedly titled WPA Federal Theater Project's Portable Theater.

The peripatetic drama was an orphan child of the theater project less than two years ago. It had just begun to get away from its early mistakes, to make its productions more palatable to the masses largely untrained in playgoing. By the end of 1935 it had carted itself around to the gaze of 1,800,000 persons—not one of whom paid a cent to see plays of simple structure, furious emotion.

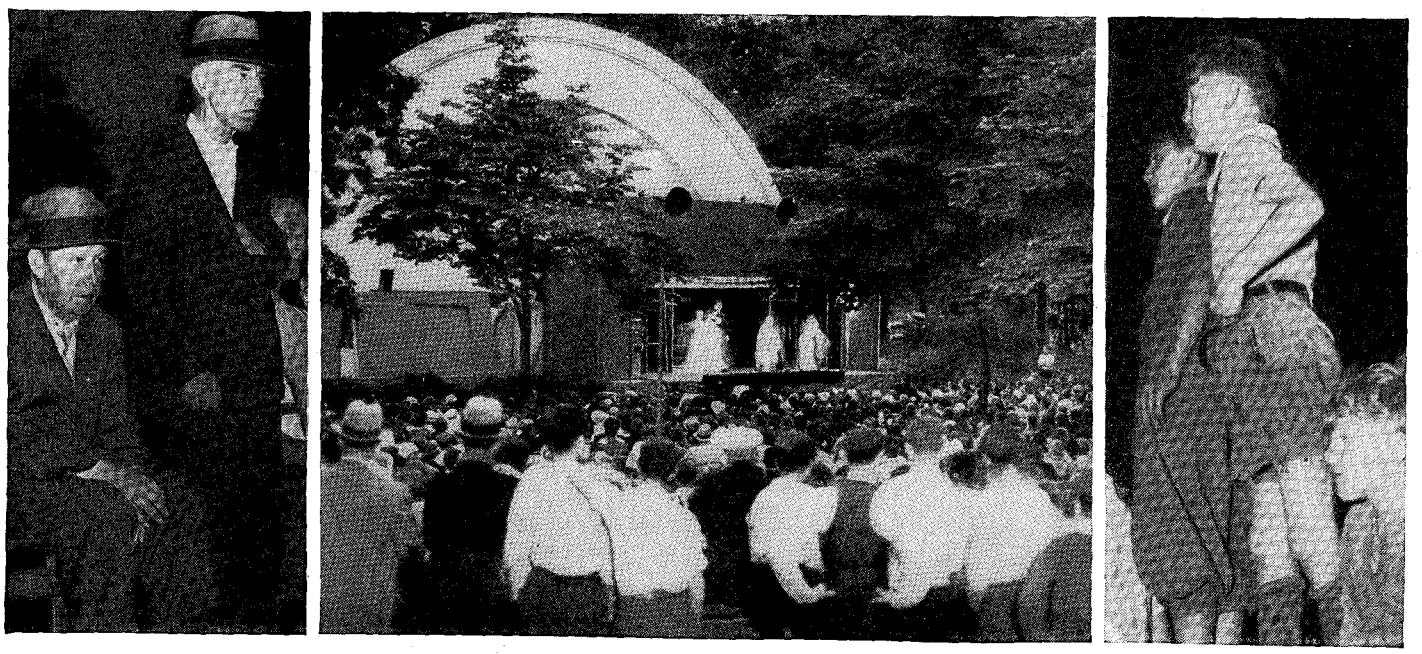
When the chill of fall sends actors back to four walls and radiators, more than 2,000,000 persons will have followed the wheeled drama of the Government. Federal historians declare this to be the first attempt to bring theater to the masses since Thespis was banished from Athens and took to the provinces. Federal historians err. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries abounded in traveling caravan theaters.

Brow-furrowing to the executives was the fret of a repertoire. A survey showed that nearly 75 per cent. of those attending the park shows were seeing a legitimate play for the first time.

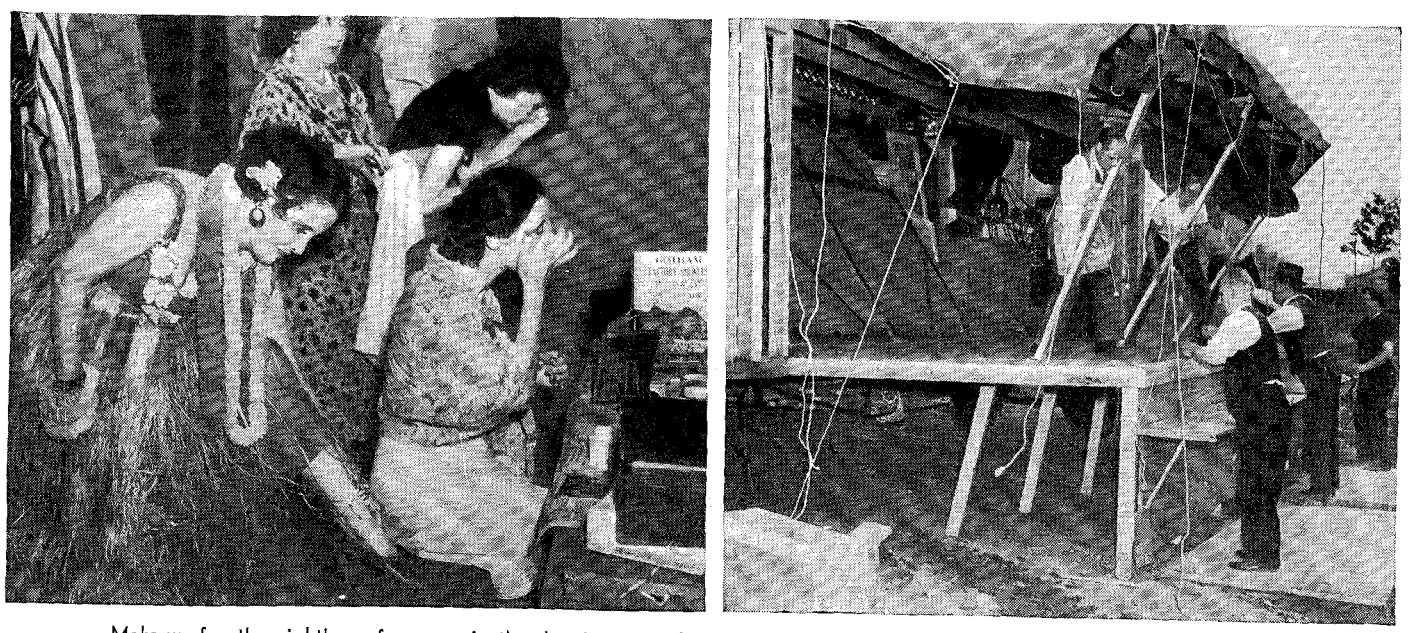
**Spectators Grow Up**—Audiences broken in on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last summer, reacted intelligently and warmly this year to Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors" and a children's fantasy, not too abstruse, called "The Emperor's New Clothes."

When it first began, bitterly opposed by the commercial theater which feared the competition, the Federal Theater contended it meant only to educate the masses to drama and thus build up new audiences. It has done so. There are no more squeals of rage from cash-and-carry Broadway.

The sound-crew tunes up before the show begins



The WPA Portable Theater brings the legitimate play to the uninitiated, both old and young



Make-up for the night's performance in the dressing-room (left); the stage unfolds and the wings and proscenium take form

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CURIO-COLLECTING AS LEGACY OF WAR

## Correspondents in Ethiopia Saw Little Fighting, Found Hobby

They went to Ethiopia to see the war—250 of the best correspondents in Europe and America—but they didn't. They missed the fighting, but found—a hobby.

Marooned in Addis Ababa while Italy vigorously polished off the job of conquest, these correspondents, unable to get anywhere near the fighting, passed dreary, virtually newsless days. Few of them ever saw the big parade, either in the North where the Italians pushed their way through mountain fastnesses, or in the torrid Southern war-zone. They waited,

Courtesy Brooklyn Museum

Portrait of the Emperor John as a saint: an Ethiopian painting on hide parchment

and chafed and became bored beyond belief.

Then one of them made a discovery, a new hobby. Why not collect Ethiopian curios? The rush was on. Crack correspondents who had come to see and tell the world about military strategy, heroism and bloodshed, discovered that gold-embossed shields, primitive paintings and intricately-wrought Coptic crosses were more easily obtained than close views of plumed Ethiopian warriors battling Mussolini's hosts.

**Exhibition Opened**—Last week the first of these war correspondents' collections to receive public attention went on display at the Brooklyn Museum. It comprises fifty carefully-assembled objects, representative of Ethiopian crafts. It was gathered by trim, dark-haired Paula Lecler, who also won a reputation as one of the most daring correspondents in the conflict. She was one of the few correspondents of either sex to visit both Northern and Southern fronts while fighting was going on in the final months of 1935.

The most historical and most striking items of the collection are six modern paintings in Ethiopian primitive style: bright, two-dimensional figures painted with brilliant red, blue, green and yellow opaque vegetable pigments on finely-woven cloth and thinly stretched parchment made of sliced animal hide.

The two largest of these paintings resemble the pages of an American Sunday comic supplement. The more vivid, in sunset-red and blue upon cotton cloth, represents in a series of blocked-out squares the legendary founding of the Ethiopian royal family by King Solomon and Balkis (or, in Giz, the ancient Ethiopian written language, Makeda), Queen of Sheba.

A messenger clad in royal scarlet carries a note to Solomon on a forked stick, returns, rows Balkis to Jerusalem in a small boat; then Balkis returns and gives birth to Menelik I of Ethiopia. From this monarch, the tradition runs that Emperor Lij Yasu was descended. Yasu, whom Haile Selassie deposed in 1916, died in a mountain prison while Marshal Badoglio's forces were advancing on Addis Ababa.

The smaller cartoon, dull brown, shows the simple but highly-skilled craftsmen of the last independent African Empire. A metal-worker hammering out jewelry, a woodcraftsman using a primitive saw, a painter stooping to depict a saint, and a barber shaving a customer in a marketplace are made informatively graphic.

**Natives' Preoccupations**—Another painting on cloth, in two panels, shows two major Ethiopian interests: religion and war. On the left stands the Virgin Mary, azure-robed, surrounded by angels' heads floating on wings. On the right, an Emperor (probably Theodore, whose opinion that he was the "Scourge of God" brought about his defeat by the British in 1868) witnesses all sorts of ingenious tortures being applied to a conquered nation.

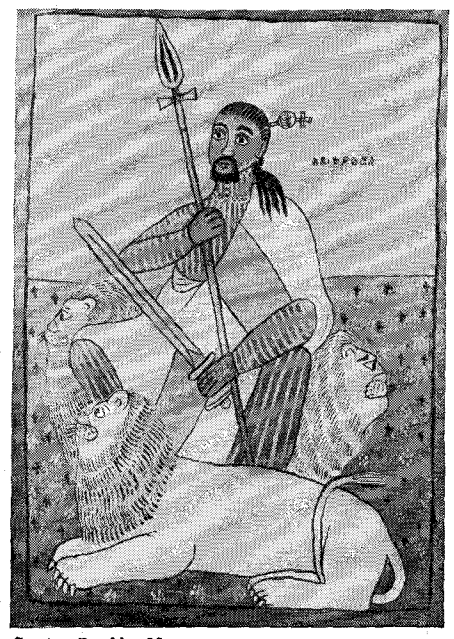
The three other gaudily-tinted pictures are on hide parchment, water-softened and cut unbelievably thin. Two are full-length portraits of Emperors, one seated and wearing royal costume, and the other, John, characterized as a saint and with Ethiopia's lions and leopards crouching at his feet (see cuts).

The third hide painting is the only one in Miss Lecler's collection which shows modern weapons being used by Ethiopians. Paintings of the Battle of Adowa, where an Italian army was wiped out in 1896, started a considerable fashion for pictures of warriors firing rifles and cannon. In the hunting-scene Miss Lecler obtained, one light-complexioned Ethiopian of the ruling caste is lying under a lion's paws, his gun knocked out of his hand. His companion is finishing the beast off with a sword-thrust through the jaw. In the rear stand helpless terrified servants, indicated as inferiors by their black skin.

"The painting gives in a brief space the Ethiopians' reliance on their own weapons and their considerable color prejudice," is the note of Grant Code, Editor of the Brooklyn Museum's publications.

Mr. Code further calls attention to the various cultures combining in Ethiopia's civilization. These can be discovered in the pictures alone. The stiff, flat figures of the cartoons are similar to drawings found in tombs of Egypt, where Ethiopian Pharoahs ruled in the eighth and seventh centuries before Christ. The written titles on the pictures are in an alphabet derived from Egyptian hieroglyphics. The flat, conventional faces and the winged heads of angels in the Virgin painting come from the formalized Creek Catholic icons of Byzantium (Constantinople).

**Historic Weapon**—A curved sword in a red leather scabbard embossed with gold attests to the regard in which Miss Lecler was held by Ethiopia's former rulers. The weapon was presented to her by Dejazmach (commander) Habte Mikael, Field General on the Southern front. He gave it to the American correspondent just before he left for active service in broiling Ogaden. He himself was using a European blade, a gift from the Emperor, which had



Courtesy Brooklyn Museum

Portrait of a Warrior Emperor: the crouching lions were pets of Ethiopian kings

originally been presented to Haile Selassie by George V of England.

The Ethiopians carried shields to battle against flame-throwers and machine-guns, and Miss Leeler collected two: one a general's, red velvet ornamented with strips of gold; the other, more utilitarian, of black rhinoceros-hide, covered with silver knobs.

Because of friendship with the Empress Menen, from whom Miss Lecler obtained the first interview and signed story Selassie's wife gave to the world press, the writer was able to get unusual examples of Ethiopian household furnishings between her air-plane hops to the firing-lines.

A rug of 1,500 monkey-skins, black and silver-tufted, goblets of rhinoceros-horn rimmed with silver and basins, boxes and goblets woven of dyed straw, show how Ethiopians displayed an instinct for beauty in their homes by utilizing native products.

Because of her sympathy with the Ethiopians, Miss Lecler was able to buy, and sometimes even received as gifts rare examples of the crosses which every Christian Ethiopian has worn about his and her neck since the ruling Amharic race was converted in the middle of the fourth century by Frumentius, a missionary from the Coptic Church of Alexandria.

These silver crosses—those of the priests and wealthy are as much as a foot long,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and those of the poorer classes barely two inches—are heavily filigreed.

**Skilled Interviewer**—Miss Lecler decided to go to Ethiopia from London in July, 1935. A Master of Arts of Columbia University, a student of English literature, and a free-lance writer for American magazines and newspapers, she had previously traveled through Europe interviewing captains and kings.

She left Ethiopia in January, 1936, while the native armies were still holding the Italians in check. At present, she is flying around the world, eastward from the United States, interviewing rulers on her way in an attempt "to fit together an understandable picture from the international jig-saw puzzle."

The material she gathered for her collection will not, Miss Lecler believes, be reproduced during the next few years under Ethiopia's Italian rulers. Mussolini's colonizers are laboring to introduce materials of the machine age into a pastoral background.

The most recent art done in Ethiopia, shown in Rome this month, is a portfolio of black-and-white sketches executed on muleback by Lieut. Mario Cangianelli during the Italian campaign. According to the laudatory Fascist press, they are valuable artistically and as documentary evidence of the struggle which brought to Rome its first Empire in fifteen centuries.

## PROLIFIC ARTIST: Gerome Brush Is Mass-Producer in Depicting Battle-Ships or Orchestras

Artists generally may eschew mass production, fearing that prolificity cheapens talent. But then artists generally have never painted anything as immense as a battle-ship.

Gerome Brush painted more than 100 of *Uncle Sam's* sea-wagons for camouflage during the War, and not one of them was sunk. Nor was the sculptor himself sunk when he was asked by Mme. Sergei Koussevitzky to do 110 charcoal portraits of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and do them in eight weeks.

Last week he exhibited this, perhaps the largest collection of portraits ever shown by a single living artist, as part of the Berkshire Festival in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, while his "subjects," the musicians of the Boston Symphony, gave three concerts at the high point of the traditional New England celebration.

Visitors, many of whom had traveled hundreds of miles to hear the magic that Conductor Sergei Koussevitzky imparts to his orchestra, surged in and out of the tiny Stockbridge Playhouse. In the second-story greenroom of the century-old white frame barn was displayed the art of a robust craftsman who, in nearly three decades of untiring labor, has created likenesses of more than 500 subjects.

**Walls of Pictures**—From ceiling to floor, on all four sides of the room save for windows and doors, the pictures papered walls five deep, with an overflow sprawling double-length across the back wall of the theater's balcony.

That Brush had "caught" his subjects all agreed. Friends of the musicians found that the artist's technique had a photographic quality of transferring features and expressions, to which he added the depth of a sculptured piece.

The idea for the mass collection was not Brush's. Last winter, Mme. Koussevitzky sponsored a fortnightly picture exhibit in Boston's Symphony Hall. Brush was asked to contribute. He had nothing on hand to show, but after promptings from Mme. Koussevitzky, collected forty drawings he had previously made of prominent Bostonians. On the strength of these, he was commissioned by the Symphony to sketch its entire membership.

**Enjoyable Toil**—Two months—eight five-day weeks—of Brush's concentrated time was all that was required for the enormous task. To the artist it was only semiwork: "I never had such a wonderful time." Sketching in the Musical Collection room of Symphony Hall, Brush put his subjects to work while he worked.

Brush was born forty-eight years ago in New York City, the son of the American painter, George DeForest Brush, who named him for his teacher, the famous French artist. He was taken to Paris before he was a year old, learned to speak French before he knew English, and passed his childhood in France, interrupted by frequent trips to his homeland.

His father gave him his first drawing lessons when he was six years old. An exact tutor, the elder Brush spiced his lessons with numerous scoldings and irksome tasks. These lessons became the only formal studies in Brush's entire education, for his father maintained and still holds to unorthodox methods of learning. He engaged a tutor for his son, in no way that a tutor has ever been engaged before or since. Walking through the woods surrounding his Dublin, New Hampshire, home, the senior Brush met a personable young man, whose appearance he admired on first sight. They started to converse, Mr. Brush found his first impressions verified, and invited him home. At luncheon he started to introduce his find as the new tutor, became embarrassed when he didn't know his name.

It was Allan Seeger, young Harvard poet, who later wrote "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," before he was killed in the World War.

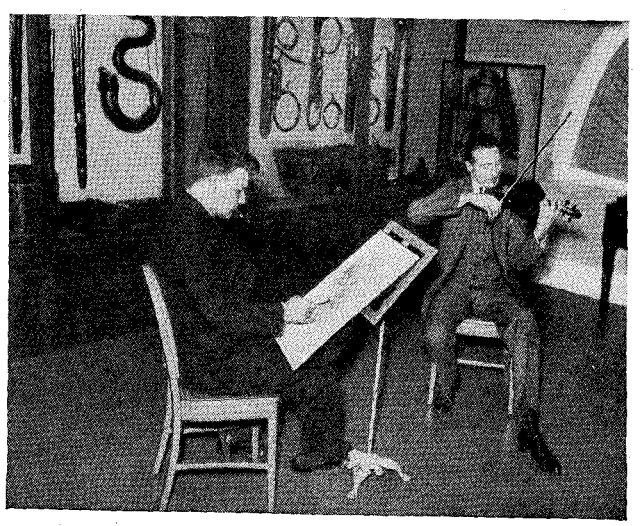
When the younger Brush was twelve his father apprenticed him to a marble-cutter in a studio in Florence. There, for two years, he worked with young Italian apprentices, pointing up statues.

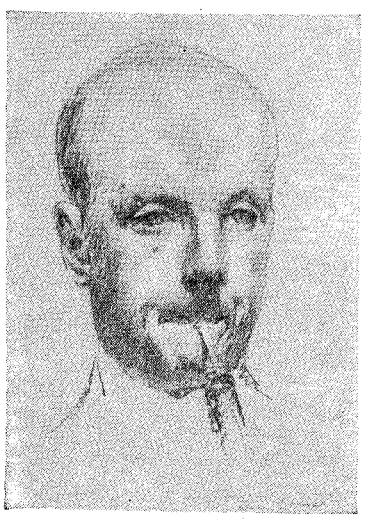
In 1908, after the disastrous earthquake in Messina, Brush left Florence and passed months in the ruins, helping to rebuild the town. For his work the Italian Government rewarded him with a series of medals and named a street for him.

Brush's interests in sculpture took two divergent courses. Italy's sculpture, heavily influenced by its religion, contributed to forming his taste for saints and angels during the long years he made the country his home.

In 1913 the young artist returned to this country and met Miss Lewise Seymour, while she was appearing with Doris Keane in "Romance" at the Maxine Elliott Theater in New York. They were married the same year. Last year, the long arm of coincidence stretched its full length. While their second daughter, Rosemary, played in the same theater in "The Children's Hour," she met her husband, Dom C. Davis.

**Harried by War**—Brush took his bride to Europe for their honeymoon, but after a year or more of traveling they were forced to return home because of the War. On the return trip, the late Enrico Caruso frequently visited their cabin and rocked the cradle of their eldest daughter, Joan,





Gerome Brush, portrayer of the Boston Symphony in action: the artist (center) studied all 110 members of the famous orchestra to get his impressions. A violinist (left) watches the leader's baton; an oboe-player (right) is lost in music

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the young couple went on deck. Before they docked, the great singer bought a sketch of Mrs. Brush—the first one the artist had drawn.

To-day, the artist spends most of his time in the New Hampshire woods, in Dublin, about eighty-five miles from Boston, where Mark Twain, the Jameses, Gerald Thayer, and other artists and writers have sought retreat. He and his wife have definite ideas about a simple life, developed through likes and necessity. With his five children—four girls and a boy—they live a pot-luck, but happy existence, not unlike the Sanger family in Margaret Kennedy's "Constant Nymph."

At present he is writing, with Mrs. Brush, the biographies of the members of the Boston Symphony, which, when published this fall, will include the completed drawings.

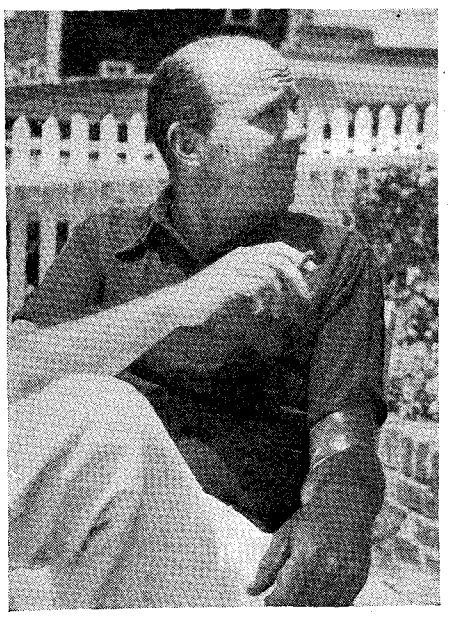
## NEW BOOKS: They Deal With the Boom Age, Prophets' Records, Tyrolean Holiday

**The Big Money.** By John Dos Passos. 561 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.50.)

This third scenario from the typewriter of America's leading exponent of the proletarian novel continues in the style of "1919" and "The 42nd Parallel"; it combines satirical power in story-telling with distracting cut-backs and newsreel injections.

This time, Dos Passos throws in, for good measure, thumb-nail biographies of various men—Ford and Veblen, for instance—who were tossed upon the beach of the Great Prosperity and worshiped by men and women in their several spheres as so much holy ambergris.

The less intelligent reader is likely to be annoyed by the deviations from the story of *Charley Anderson,* an aviator returned from the War who eventually becomes the big shot in an air-plane manufacturing concern. But *Anderson,* the apotheosis of the go-getter, exhibits in a devastating fashion the vices of his kind. These are not pretty folk the author is describing.



Courtesy Harcourt Brace & Co.

John Dos Passos writes metallic story which jangles with jazz and gold

In a curious way, *Margo Dowling,* the gold-digger, becomes the outstanding character in the tale. She exemplifies a decade gone, probably, forever. In it, she occupied an ornamental niche, and contained in herself a pathetic yearning to become a movie star. Her one ability was that of getting what she needed from men—money. Her career with *Anderson* is the high moment of the story.

To some readers, the return to forgotten songs and head-lines, and the imposing of certain asides, may seem a surrealism in fiction that doesn't quite come off. But one's impatience with the Dos Passos method is likely to stem from a desire to get along with the exciting story-telling.

"The Big Money" is a sharp reminder that Dos Passos, Hollywood notwithstanding, can write and adorn a tale when he feels like it. Unfortunately, he has adopted a pose in print which has the timid intellectuals scratching their heads. In his books, they find the element of greatness, and they suspect that it also contains slovenly work dressed up like art.

Like the immortal mayor of New York, they are afraid this book is the product of "one of those here art artists."

**Critical Opinions**—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"The oft-repeated cry that proletarian novelists are largely uninformed and passionately partizan rabble-rousers must be given the lie in this notable instance. . . . In fact, Dos Passos works a left-handed miracle in 'The Big Money'; he makes the reader shed tears for the people who are making the fortunes."*

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: *"Experimentation, technical versatility, imagistic brilliance, the perfection of an advanced theoretical system of composition, all these exist almost to a surfeit. But the thing lacks something in warmth, in a knowledge of life that is experienced rather than theorized about."*

NEW YORK SUNDAY WORKER: *"An admirable study of the booze-jazz-boom decade in American life, the decade when Ernest Hemingway discovered the sun that also rises and Scott Fitzgerald sadly portrayed all sad young men—with Dos Passos's added understanding of the class struggle inherent in the process of capitalist disintegration."*

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER: *". . . great epic of post-war America . . . an epic which is also a drama, a panorama, a pageant, a history and a portent."*

* * *

**The Story of Prophecy.** By Henry James Forman. 347 pp., indexed. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $3.)

Daniel foretold the future, and Joseph had his day with Pharaoh; but did you know that next month, in this year of grace 1936, is bound to be portentous to all mankind? It is a fateful year, not only in Biblical prophecy, but also in the forecasts of the Great Pyramids. We do well to be on our toes for epochal events.

Mr. Forman rides a hobby pretty hard in his curious and fascinating account of persons who had plenty on the crystal ball. He does make a bow to Sir Francis Bacon, who had no great opinion of astrology: "Men mark when they hit and never mark when they miss." But he does better than make a bow; he falls down at the feet of

William Lilly, who predicted plague and fire long before their occurrence

Nostradamus, St. Malachi, the Monk of Padua, Mother Shipton (in the fifteenth century she foretold the coming of the motor-car and submarine).

Fortunately, the author conveys his absorption in occultism, and skeptics will have a hard time laughing off Nostradamus's prophecy of the beheading of Charles I of England and the French Revolution.

St. Malachi, the Irish seer, was even more remarkable. He and the Monk of Padua called the roll of the Popes down to the present day, only missing once between them. According to the manuscripts left to us, there are to be seven more Popes.

American prophecy, it appears, has been concerned largely with the end of the world. So far, the local prophets have been 100 per cent. wrong. But Tomas Menes, the Spaniard, predicted the death of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria; also that France would ally herself with Spain if Armageddon got loose in Europe this year.

"Cheiro" (Count Hamon) foretold the very year that Mark Twain would become rich and claims that on July 21, 1894, he warned Lord Kitchener to "beware of a serious accident by water in his sixty-sixth year." Kitchener in his sixty-third year sank into the North Sea with *H.M.S. Hampshire.*

William Lilly also scored in predicting plague and fire.

**Critical Opinions**—NEW YORK TIMES: *"The reader will see that Mr. Forman wants to make at least residual argument for prophecy as a historical and scientific fact. Yet, whether one regards it as a record of human potentialities or of human folly, it makes exciting reading."*

PHILADELPHIA RECORD: *"Mr. Forman, in other words, is a believer."*

WASHINGTON POST: *"He was able to contribute something that never before had been available to the general reader."*

* * *

**Tyrolean June.** By Nina Murdoch. 280 pp., indexed. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company; $3.)

With the aid of thirty-two photographic illustrations by Dr. Adalbert Defner, Nina Murdoch has reported her summer holiday

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Austrian Tyrol. Few rocking-chair travelers will be able to resist the ingratiating charm of her account, which maneuvers from legend to practical living and back again.

The ghost of Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilate, moves up and down the mountain-sides; and the ghost of the old man himself is reputed to be in exile on an Alpine peak. Of course there is the Passion Play of the Thiersee, which is considered by the Tyrolese to be superior to the "worldly" one of Oberammergau.

An appetizing meal comes from the author's pages, "hot veal with the usual rich brown gravy of Tyrol, cucumber salad, hot boiled rice, cold sliced potato, cold stewed cherries and hot kohlrabi. For all their poor financial condition, the Tyrolese have achieved a satisfying way of life.

The pigs in the market in Innsbruck are "exquisitely clean," the salt mine is muddy and cold; the generals in the Corpus Christi demonstration were handsome in their uniforms. The book runs along chattily, coming from the pen of a woman who has sense enough to realize that a countryside and its legends are inseparable.

Dvorak went all the way to the Middle West to get the New World Symphony that had been almost within earshot of the highbrow East; and Nina Murdoch has found a people's humor in the dragon's tongue, presented to the University of Innsbruck, which the faculty, "ruined by education, authenticated as a very good specimen of swordfish."

**Critical Opinions**—LONDON DAILY SKETCH: *"Talking of travel, 'Tyrolean June' is a very jolly travel-book for those who like to know where they are going before they get there. It is full of charm . . . assisted by some marvelous photographs."*

JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY: *"Those who have not yet made a holiday acquaintance with the Tyrolean people are likely to make it as quickly as possible after reading Miss Murdoch's book. It is a friendly . . . tale of pottering about old towns and villages, experimenting with local foods, and enjoying local fêtes and market-days."*

### Fiction

**No Letters for the Dead.** By Gale Wilhelm. (Random House, $2.) An experiment in legerdemain in the realm of a reader's emotion, with jail, love and art beautifully related.

**The Need We Have.** By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Little, Brown, $2.50.) In which *Moira,* the Irish girl, finds what is wrong between her and her husband, *Jim.*

**Manila Galleon.** By Cameron Rogers. (D. Appleton-Century, $2.) High jinks in the seventeenth century, with love and derring-do and South Sea excitements and laces and things. A little of the Joseph-and-Potiphar's-wife theme is thrown in for good measure.

### Non-Fiction

**England Have My Bones.** By T. H. White. (The Macmillan Company, $2.50.) A placid book of joy in the fowls of the air and the fish of the streams and the happy fruitfulness of broad acres.

**India Mosaic.** By Mark Channing. (Lippincott, $2.75.) In which a former British army officer reveals an India Katherine Mayo didn't know.

## *Press*

# FURIOUS STRIKE OF GUILD IN FAR WEST

## Hearst-Owned Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" Suspends in Battle

The engines of a Seattle-bound air-liner droning in his ears, Jonathan Eddy raced across the continent from New York last week. The sandy-haired secretary of the American Newspaper Guild had been taken by surprize; the fledgling news men's union of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* that Eddy had warned to be cautious had struck against William Randolph Hearst and forced the publisher to suspend his Pacific Northwest daily.

Just as thunderstruck was Hearst when a wireless reached him aboard the Italian liner *Rex* in mid-Atlantic. His west-coast publisher, lawyer William Vaugh Tanner, told him that union teamsters, longshoremen and lumbermen were helping reporters on the picket-lines of the *Post-Intelligencer,* that printers could not enter the building.

"Communists!" barked Hearst.

Cause of the strike: Frank "Slim" Lynch, fourteen years a cameraman for the *Post-Intelligencer,* had been fired for "inefficiency"; Everhardt Armstrong, drama-critic for seventeen years, had been fired for "insubordination."

**Conflicting Figures**—"For Guild activity!" retorted the newspaper men's union, pointing to the record of the men, and adding that forty-three of sixty-eight eligible unionists struck.

"Only twenty-six out of eighty editorial men struck," according to Hearst-mouthpiece reckoning.

The fighting labor-unions in Washington State branded the "*P-I,*" oldest and richest paper in Seattle, "unfair to organized labor." They laughed at Hearst's newly appointed general labor counsel, squat, dark Harvey Kelly, formerly a mucker and logger himself, when he tried to get them to buck the strike as "illegal."

Heads were broken in the first night of the strike when pickets kept printers and strike-breaking newspaper men out of the publishing plant. One head belonged to Harold Hiatt, Hearst "property guard," who had been convicted of murdering a Tacoma picket two weeks before but had had the decision reversed by the State Supreme Court.

Labor's boycott of the suspended *Post-Intelligencer* went into its second week with the *Guild Daily,* four-page paper of the strikers, running up a circulation of 25,000 copies at five cents each. On the strength of this progress, the *Guild Daily* has decided to become a non-propaganda venture, with local and sporting news, open to advertisers.

Rumors are rife: that Hearst had radioed to drop the *Post-Intelligencer* forever (it lost a million dollars during the depression); that Hearst "scabs" and guards would run the gantlet of pickets.

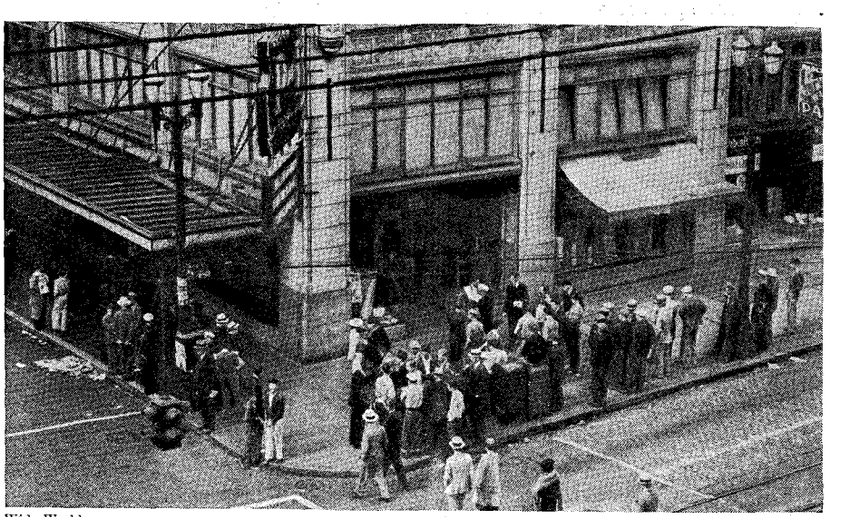
**Another Strike**—At least one more anti-Hearst battle-line was beginning to cheer the Guild (it got an A. F. of L. charter July 6). In Milwaukee, the six-months-old news men's strike against the *Wisconsin News* dragged on as crews of union men followed a sound-truck through the city, soliciting cancellations of *News* subscriptions. They claimed a "40 to 10 per cent. success in two-thirds of the city."

Hearst advertising managers scoffed.

To Seattle from San Francisco flew planes bearing "loyal reporters" and Hearst executives. Northward flew bundles of San Francisco (Hearst) *Examiners,* hoping to replace lost Hearst circulation. To the radio and to other newspapers went Hearst men, charging that labor was controlling the mayor, the Governor of Washington, and the police.

The forces of "law and order" loomed large in the news strike. "A shameful page in history," charged the Seattle *Times.* "The government of this once great city rests in the firm hands of Dave Beck and his brawny crew of teamsters, loggers and longshoremen. Seattle is the plaything of a dictator."

Beck, ruddy-faced head of the Central Labor Council, grinned, denied starting or leading the strike.



Wide World

"Scabs!" shouted picketing teamsters, professors and newspaper men when non-strikers tried to enter plant of "Post-Intelligencer," Hearst's Seattle daily, which had to suspend publication

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "G MEN" CENTER UPON WHITE SLAVERS

## Director Hoover Finds Vice Racket Gaining as Others Slump

In lush bootleg liquor days, racketeers toyed with white slavery as a minor sideline. To-day, it is a major American industry, with an estimated national turnover of hundreds of millions of dollars a year, a roster of 900,000 employees. At its head are some of the smartest and most elusive master-minds of the underworld.

Alarmed by what he terms the vice racket, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, last week asked the nation to help him in an intensified drive to crush it by informing upon known slavers.

Director Hoover noted that while every major type of crime had decreased in 1935, white slavery had increased by 15 per cent. This sharp rise was registered in 289 convictions by his bureau in the fiscal year 1936, a gain of 33 per cent. over 1935. Sentences totaled 835 years; fines, $42,830, highest in ten years. June convictions outnumbered those of any month in three years.

Restricted to Mann Act cases—transport of women across State lines—"G Men" got these convictions with the greatest of difficulty. To catch violators they had to use a *modus operandi* requiring supreme detective skill.

**Syndicate Systems**—Not controlled from any specific center, the slave racket operates locally, the vice-lords merely having a working agreement. A couple of major rings supposedly furnish girls in large numbers to the syndicates but, deeply shrouded, little is known of their activities.

Forcing the independent small-time women operators into the syndicate, the big shots pay off the protection money in one lump, hire attorneys, doctors, rent houses, take 90 per cent. of the girls' earnings.

Charles (Lucky) Luciano, convicted New York vice-lord, had 2,000 girls working for him, chalked up an annual "take" from them of $12,000,000. Like Nick Montana, also convicted, he was the prototype of the polished swashbuckling syndicate chief, running his vast domain from a silken suite in a sky-scraper hotel.

**Recruiting Sources**—The best estimates are that 55 per cent. of the girls are from the country, or small towns, and 45 per cent. from the city. A prolific source is found in districts where there are large groups of semiilliterate, foreign-born or first generations of eastern and southern European peoples. Many of these are recruited from steel and industrial towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and other States.

Brought to the big cities, the girls are placed in establishments, or put on a "call" system; or taken from city to city as "tourists," the newest wrinkle of this racket. For instance, the guide may leave one girl at Springfield, Illinois, for a week, take another, who has spent a week there, on to Joliet. After one circuit is played out, another is set up.

The old-time method of enticing girls after they reach the big city has virtually disappeared, according to the Travelers Aid Society. Railway-stations and other public places to-day are too well policed; besides the society keeps a ceaseless vigil. Last year, the New York organization helped 4,226 girls, and its nation-wide sister branches a total of 20,000, many potential white slave victims.

Formerly many girls were imported from Europe either directly or by way of Latin America. Stricter passport inspections, heavier penalties and vigilance of the authorities working under the egis of international welfare groups at Geneva have cut this to a minimum.

International traffic in American ports virtually ended when shipment of girls out of New York to Central America, supposedly as theatrical entertainers, was stopped. After a brief engagement in tropic cafés, these girls had turned to vice.

Chief center of the white slave trade was for centuries in Europe. Paris was the big clearing-house. Up to 1923 girls by the hundreds flowed in a steady stream to the Orient and South America. Alexandria and Buenos Aires were notorious distributing points.

South America was the premier auction-block. Most of the slaves were recruited from French towns and Polish fields and Ghettos.

**Author's Research**—Following the trail of these unfortunates, Albert Londres, the late famed French writer, penned a classic study of them in *"The Road to Buenos Aires,"* published in 1928. How these *Franchuchas,* known in Argentina as the French Consular Guard, were smuggled on French ships and sold into slavery shocked all Europe.

With the passing of Paris as a vice exchange, the center of large-scale white slavery has shifted to the Far East. Reason: first, the advance of higher education in Europe enables women to find honorable occupations; second, the huge profits of the white slave satraps have been greatly cut by the world economic crisis; third, passport and immigration regulations have been tightened.

The Far East has become a rich field for the traffic because legislation dealing with the problem is lacking, police show indifference, the central Chinese government is weak, ports of immigration are not carefully controlled, and no centralized attempt is made to suppress the business.

© International

Mae Scheible: "$100,000 Vice Queen"

Leading world factor in combating slavers to-day is the Advisory Commission for the Protection and Welfare of Children and Young People of the League of Nations.

Forty-seven countries have ratified a pact drawn up in 1921 making the traffic an extraditable offense. A convention to study further the white slave problem is to be held in an undesignated place in February, 1937. Miss Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor, is the United States representative on the Commission.

**Fighters Alined**—White slave traffic is also the concern of other international organizations, including the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues, the Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls, Women and Children, and the International Bureau for Suppression of the White Slave Traffic.

Records show that white slavery flourishes where there is money. This is particularly true now of the United States. Operators and their victims follow the greenback. Detroit and other automobile factory centers are high spots to-day; the steel towns, too.

Wherever the slavers go, the "G Men" are on their trail, pitting their brains against the chariest of underworld snipes, ready to strike when evidence is sufficient.

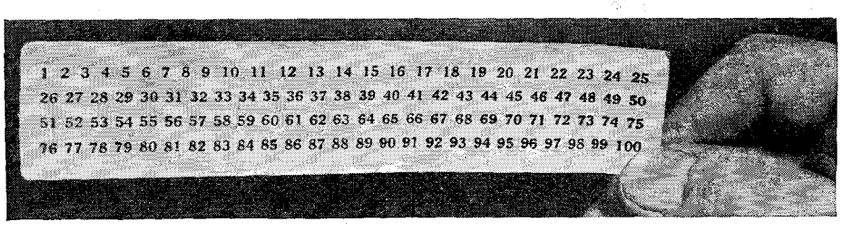
Last week, in California, "G Men" swooped down on Mae Scheible, the "$100,000 New York Vice Queen," who had been convicted of violation of the Mann Act. She had transported five young women from Pittsburgh to New York.

An age-old problem, traffic in women has defied solution by one civilization after another.

Many plans have been brought forward, all have failed.

With a reporter's deep-piercing eye, M. Londres blames the economic plight of women as well as human nature.

"It is an old problem," he concluded in his book, "and has more often provoked a smile than a shudder. Documents are no



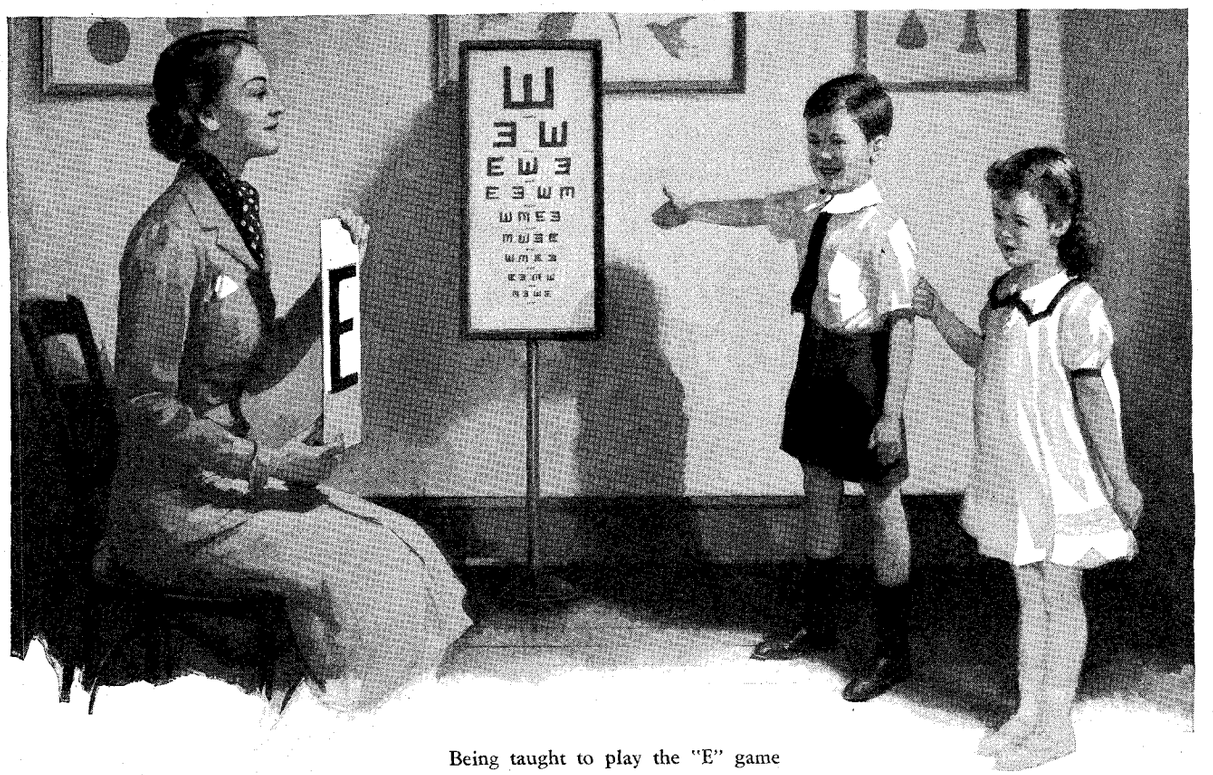

Acme

The "White Ticket" symbolizing organized vice bookkeeping is familiar to investigators in recent criminal cases in New York



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How Good Are Your Child's Eyes?



Being taught to play the "E" game

*Children think of it as a good game and readily respond when asked to show which way the legs of the "funny little 'E' animal" point. Up, down or sidewise go their arms. In this way, boys and girls, before they know their letters, indicate fairly accurately how well they can see.*

SCHOOL work means years of hard use for young eyes. Backwardness in school is frequently the result of defective eyesight. Before children go to school make sure their eyes are fit for study.

Modern eyesight tests are of great importance in demonstrating whether a child's eyes are fit to assume this strain. Many kindergartens are using the "E" Chart supplied by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness to discover gross defects of vision.

Eye troubles are usually due to faults in the structure of the eye, to disease either in the eye or in other parts of the body, to some deficiency in the diet, to strain, or to improper use of the eyes. Eyes need special attention during and following serious illness.

Some visual defects may grow progressively worse if nothing is done to correct them. It is no use hoping that children will *outgrow* "cross-eye." But corrective measures save thousands of boys and girls yearly from becoming permanently cross-eyed.

Astigmatism, farsightedness, or nearsightedness can usually be corrected by glasses. Diseases of the eyes require special medical treatment.

Food plays an essential part in keeping eyes healthy. Of special importance to the health of the eyes are foods which contain Vitamin A, such as cream, butter, milk and fish oils.

Take no chances with vision by trying to fit your child with glasses, or by relying on home treatment. Eyes are too precious. Consult a specialist. Attention to the eyes should always be a part of regular health examinations.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you, free, a booklet, "Care of the Eyes." It contains valuable information that you should have. Address Booklet Department 936-L.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ∽ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ∽ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

© 1936 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use against the white slave traffic: they simply serve to absolve from responsibility the officials who are supposed to contend with it.

"The foundation of prostitution is hunger. I assert that 80 per cent. of the French girls who go out to console lonely men on the other side of the world have been brought to this by want. Laziness? Certainly, but only 20 per cent.

"The moral uplifters will inform the public, in their best pulpit manner, what ought and ought not to be done, and expound both good and evil. The scandal is, you will understand, not that the evil exists, but that it can be seen. The responsibility is ours; we can not get rid of it."

## BABY DERBY: Ontario Mothers Compete for Prize Left by Bachelor Lawyer

Four women patiently sat knee-deep in children in their Toronto, Canada, homes last week. The infants swarming about them were their stakes in a half million dollars. Three of the mothers in the ten-years-old baby race were confident they

Acme

Leader in Toronto's Baby Derby: Mrs. Lily Kenny claims a score of 12 children since 1926

would win, on technicalities. The fourth, leader in the contest, was not alarmed by their too-early claims, placed her confidence serenely in numbers.

Charles Vance Millar, robust, jovial bachelor-lawyer of Toronto, died October 31, 1926. A few weeks later, on a bleak day in November, his will was published. He had left $500,000 to the Toronto woman producing the greatest number of children by October 31, 1936.

Scores of Toronto women determined to compete, but they stopped by dozens when it became apparent that for at least nine years a slender family budget would have to support the rapidly growing families.

Seven remained in the race, altho only three have any strong claim. Last week, Mrs. Hilda Graziano, in fifth place, tearfully became a non-contestant. Expecting twins which would have moved her to second place in a tie with two other mothers, she reluctantly heard the news that only one child had been born to her.

**Will Sustained** — Those remaining in the contest rest secure in the knowledge that all efforts to break the odd will have failed. First the Child Welfare Council petitioned the Government to withhold the money, and use it not for the benefit of one family, but for the unfortunate children of unemployed in the Province of Ontario.

There were nine first cousins of Charles Vance Millar in Canada and the United States, most of whom were poor. They decided they deserved at least part of the money, and brought suit to break the will.

But in all cases counsel employed by the Ontario Government successfully defended the rights of the "unknown mother" who will one day collect the $500,000.

Every penny of Millar's great fortune he made himself. He grew up on a poverty-stricken farm near Aylmer, Ontario, and disappointed his father by becoming a lawyer instead of a farmer. His mother secretly scraped together enough money to send him to the University of Toronto.

His money piled up after he had, through his work as a corporation lawyer, entered the express business and the oil industry. His interest in mining won him another fortune. In 1905 he obtained a large interest in a silver mine at Cobalt, which later developed into the "silver sidewalk," a fourteen-inch strip of ore running into thousands of ounces of silver per ton.

It is the money that flowed into the old bachelor's money-chest from all these sources that will one day buy shoes, vegetables and cod liver oil for one of the large families now fighting for the lead in the contest.

**Standings in Race**—Last week the United Press reported the number of children listed by mothers as having been born since October 31, 1926, the number of them now living, and those expected before the final day, thus:

| Mother | Eligible | Living | Expected |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Lily Kenny ..... | 12 | 7 | 1 |
| Mrs. Kathleen Nagle.. | 10 | 9 | 0 |
| Mrs. Alice Timleck ... | 10 | 9 | 0 |
| Mrs. Grace Bagnato... | 9 | 4 | 1 |
| Mrs. Hilda Graziano... | *9 | 8 | 0 |
| Mrs. Madeline Harrison | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| Mrs. Manuela Darrigo.. | 8 | 5 | 0 |
| | 66 | 50 | 2 |

*A premature child may also be included.

Mrs. Lily Kenny is the confident leader. Speaking with gesture-laden hands, she explains away the legal doubts cast up by the three nearest contestants.

Only thirty-three years old, constantly beset by the demands of seven children under ten, she finds time to carve wooden statuettes, to jot down material for her autobiography. She vigorously claims to have become the mother of twelve children since the contest began, affirms she has "the government papers" to support the claim. She had two children before entering the race.

**Voluble Contestants**—The other mothers are no less certain they will win. Two have banded together in a plan to show that two of Mrs. Kenny's claimed infants were not registered in the Vital Statistics Bureau, as the will specifies. Even so, it would be difficult for them to set aside a new Kenny, expected momentarily.

The Kennys are on relief. The father's last job was in a factory, five years ago. They could use $500,000 handily.

Mrs. Kathleen Nagle and Mrs. Alice Timleck are tied in second place with ten eligible children each. Mrs. Nagle, thirty-one, calm, habituated to speaking only when there is something important to say, intends to make a legal fight for a share of the money. Unselfish, realizing the enormous economic difficulty for those who lose, she hopes two women will tie and share the prize.

Mrs. Timleck, thirty-six, conscious of inferior education, wants to share the money with Mrs. Nagle and Mrs. Madeline Harrison, who is in sixth place. With her share, she would educate all her children.

Neither of the women in second place expects another child. They await fearfully word from a neighbor, in third place, Mrs. Joseph Bagnato. Nine of Mrs. Bagnato's twenty-three children were born within the specified period. She expects to become a mother before October 31. If she bears twins, she becomes outstanding in second place. A single child would put her in a tie with the other two. Voluble, a police court interpreter, Mrs. Bagnato has not been reluctant to dismay the others by announcing she believes she will have twins. Doctors fail to support her forecast.

**Deathbed Jest?**—An early puzzle in the contest has all but been forgotten: Why did Millar make such a will? The best explanation is an extraordinary sense of

Acme

Tied for second place: Mrs. Kathleen Nagle has had ten children during the contest time

humor. In the same will he bequeathed brewery shares to crusading officials of the Toronto Temperance Federation and Jockey Club shares to antigambling ministers.

All of the families foresee a long legal contest to settle sharply conflicting claims. The Canadian courts undoubtedly will be appealed to. Lawyers forecast that the huge cash award will be held up for years, sadly reduced by litigation. Meanwhile, Toronto individuals are gambling on the outcome.

What they will do with the money, if and when they get it:

Mrs. Kenny plans to buy the little frame house in Toronto in which Mary Pickford was born and turn it into a museum to attract tourists.

Mrs. Nagle wants to own a food shop, train her children to look after customers while she bakes.

Mrs. Timleck expects it will cost half a million dollars properly to educate her children.

Mrs. Bagnato: "All I want is quiet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NEW FREEDOM TO BASK IN THE SUN

## Craze for Tan Routs Censors of Apparel On and Near Beaches

The bathing-suit has had its day in court —and won by a shoulder-strap.

Time was when every added inch of human flesh meant a mile of legal red tape.

Cities, States and nations vied with one another in posting ordinances, and harassed officers of the law went up and down a thousand beaches, clapping yardsticks against bare shanks. Preachers and reformers, from the empty 'eighties to the War, thundered against "license." Goaded by popular indignation, the authorities did their duty, laid down specific dimensions for sleeves, trunks, skirts, neck-lines, backlines and stockings.

This Summer, the law retreated still further from a battle-field won inch by inch by the combined forces of athletes, doctors, clothing manufacturers, style arbiters and a fickle public which, its fancy caught by the new cult of sun-bathing, had deserted to the enemy.

**Routed Officials**—Hardly a city in America attempted any longer to stipulate the measurements of beach and hiking attire. Police of resort after resort ran up the white flag, confined their "rules" to "anything within good taste." Some, like Seattle, with ancient rules forbidding rubber, white, "extreme" or backless suits, hastened to repeal them.

Yonkers, New York, made nation-wide head-lines when a local Alderman stuck to his trenches, prohibiting shorts on the streets.

Less newsy because more typical was the attitude of Galveston, Texas, where pajamas, shorts and slacks alike sail down the city's main thoroughfares unmolested.

Rye, New York, solved the problem neatly enough by classifying too-scanty women's wear as "lingerie"—and shooing it home.

More open-minded still is Europe, where tops for men and skirts for women have gone to join cotton stockings and button shoes.

On the Scandinavian peninsula and in Soviet Russia, nude bathing is common, tho men and women are carefully segregated.

On beaches where both sexes dip, men wear the most abbreviated of trunks, women the same, plus brassières. In Russia the same attire is common on the tennis-court, but tabu going and coming on the street.

This summer, the skipper of a Black Sea steamer refused to dine with a man in shorts. "Indecent!" he spluttered.

England's few restrictions are reserved for pools; the beaches are free.

And the beaches are freer still in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, where authorities have resigned themselves to the rule: the less suit, the more sun. Soon after the March on Rome, Mussolini had a fling at trying to enforce rules; now he himself goes down to the sea in shorts.

**Stern Germans**—Not so with Hitler, who doesn't go down to the sea at all. Sunbacks, shoulder-cords and tanned torsos are *verboten* in the Third Reich. Length of material is specified, fabric must be continuous under the armholes, crotches must be reinforced. One-piece suits are *de rigueur,* altho the white one, immense even in its scantiness, worn by Gen. Hermann Goering, No. 2 Nazi, sports a "Y" back.

Thus, as was the case with evening gowns, the matter of taste seems to be out of the hands of the law and in the hands of the stylists. Latest wrinkles: tailored cotton and other fabrics, cellophane-lastex (expensive), satin, snake-skin, rubber (permitted generally in the U. S. for the first time this year); brassière or halter tops for women; less "cling" than a few years ago, when form-fit, the dressmakers admit, was overdone.

Brown Brothers

1892: skirt, sleeve, neck-line, stocking dimensions within the law

A far cry from the day in 1910 when Annette Kellerman shocked a nation with tights and overskirt.

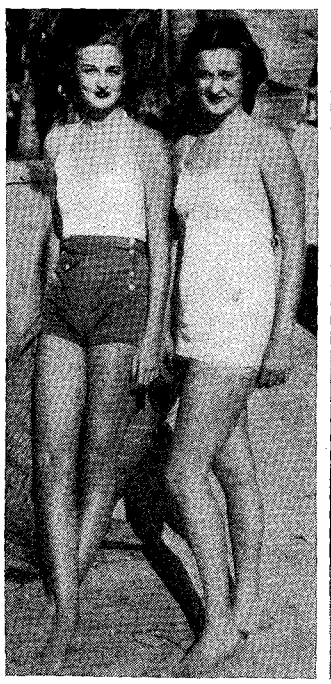
A far cry, too, from the summer of 1920, when a Miss Louise Rosine, Los Angeles novelist, emboldened by her newly-won right to vote, tried rolling down her stockings at Atlantic City, and was promptly jailed.

**New Freedom**—The War had helped, tho, and that same year brought the short skirt and first abashed glimpses of the bare knee. In 1923, the Jantzen Knitting Mills, of Portland, Oregon, tried to patent a rib-stitched suit, failed because it was the same old stitch grandmother used to knit soldiers' socks. Nevertheless, the move revolutionized the industry, since it supplied the answer to the public's demand for form-fitting, freedom-of-movement wear.

Question for to-morrow: how far will emancipation go? Says Alma Archer, New York stylist:

"Smart women with good figures are likely to go to any extremes in quest of individualism . . . from open midriff suits to a plunge in the nude. . . . Frankly, I think that all women are working toward freedom from any style encumbrances in the water."

Acme



Brown Brothers

Brown Brothers

1936: brassières, trunks, shorts, one-piece suits generally worn . . . 1940—what?

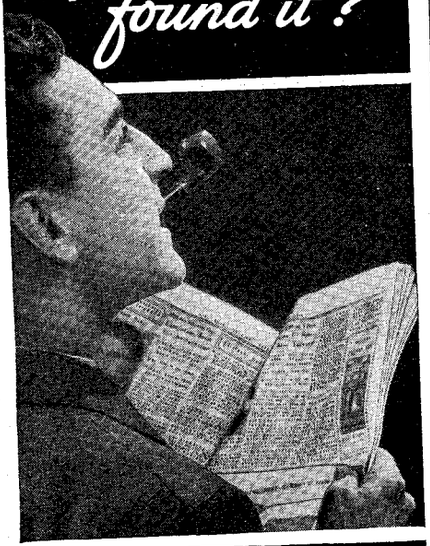
## JUSTICE FOR POOR: How Legal Aid and Other Groups Avoid Costly Litigation

*J. Waxwell Doe,* woolen manufacturer, is ushered into the mahogany-walled offices of his attorney. He wants to void a contract because goods delivered to him were defective. For thirty minutes of legal advice, he will gladly scratch out a check for $500. For legal fees and court costs during a long-drawn-out court battle, he



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It was a little shop on a side street . . . *Guess how I found it?*"



SHE FOUND IT IN . . .

SHE looked in the 'yellow pages' for the product she wanted. There she found the nearest dealer's name, address and telephone number . . . She is one of millions of sensible shoppers. Are you another?

BELL SYSTEM

might have to write another check for $5,000.

*Mary Roe*, immigrant servant-girl, gets a job for three weeks, and is fired without being paid. The $15 her employer owes her is a small fortune.

But she doesn't know how to collect it. She can't afford lawyers' and process-servers' fees. "Equal justice under the law" is a meaningless phrase to her, for she has no money.

"Why don't you go to the Legal Aid Society?" some one asks her. She does, and for a fifty-cent fee gets the legal help she needs to collect her back wages.

Last week, almost 7,000 *Mary Roes* went to legal aid groups, bar association committees, law school bureaus, or small claims courts that operate without lawyers. Last year, there were nearly 350,000 *Mary Roes* or *John Roes*.

Some were working people with wage or compensation claims. Other cases involved divorce, insurance, landlords and tenants, small loans, instalment contracts, naturalization papers.

**New York Pioneer**—Foreign-born applicants for legal aid, almost half of the total in cities like New York, are close at home. The New York Legal Aid Society, two years older than the American Bar Association, was founded in 1876 to help German immigrants.

With a $1,000 budget, the society made such a dent in the tradition that poor people can not get justice that the idea grew to make legal aid available for all persons in the nation.

To-day, eighty-four cities have legal aid bureaus. Some are operated by municipalities, free of charge to applicants. Others charge ten, twenty-five or fifty cents.

If much money is collected, a small commission is paid, but fees and commissions come nowhere near paying expenses of the organizations.

Endowments, contributions from lawyers, laymen and benevolent institutions, and municipal funds furnish the rest of the money.

In sixty years, at least $80,000,000 has been spent, netting collections for clients of almost twice that amount.

Poor persons who need a lawyer's help can get it in any American city with a population over 350,000, and in most other thickly populated districts. But only 39,000,000 persons live near a legal aid bureau. One reason: in smaller communities, informal help to the poor is usually given by lawyers anyway, altho universities and social service agencies are spreading the idea of cooperative legal help in rural areas.

**Notables' Hobby**—Developing such steering groups as the National Association of Legal Aid organizations has been one of the pet hobbies of notable American barristers. Arthur von Briesen, white-bearded, hard-working German immigrant, built up the New York Legal Aid Society in his twenty-six-year presidency, beginning in 1890, and with his other hand directed the national group for years. The money for encouraging other cities in legal aid work came out of von Briesen's own pocket.

Lawyers' money and moral backing meant much in the early days of legal aid, as now.

Woven into the histories of the movement are such names as Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, William Howard Taft and John W. Davis.

Members of the bar have no fight with legal aid work, for the sums involved are usually under $100, and the clients are persons who could not ordinarily pay a lawyer. Staff members of legal aid organizations receive salaries—consulting members usually help for nothing. If a legal aid counselor finds a case should not be handled by him, he will send the client to a reputable lawyer to work on a contingency basis (the lawyer gets paid if he collects for the client).

With a view to speeding up the handling of minor legal matters, Cleveland founded a small claims court in 1913. In two decades, sixteen States* had provision for such courts, in which minimum cases range from $20 to $200.

**Juries Obviated**—Example: Massachusetts decided that a poor man with a small case found fees for entry and service of process high, and lawyers to pilot his little case through the intricacies of pleadings, evidence and trial procedure even more expensive. So small claims courts were set up. Any case involving less than $35 may be brought, service is by mail, and the entry fee is only $1. Speed of settlement comes by a ruse: to obviate jury trials, a constitutional right but a time-killer, plaintiffs automatically waive them when they bring a case into a small claims court. If a defendant does not remove the case beforehand to a superior court, he also waives jury trial.

But poor people are not the only ones who have benefited by modernization and simplification of legal procedure. Old-fashioned litigation annoyed many a high-salaried corporation executive for years. To find a cheaper, better way of settling arguments, the American Arbitration Association was founded ten years ago. (The New York Chamber of Commerce, organized in 1768, settled merchants' disputes by arbitration; years before, England's county fair traders set up roadside "dusty feet" courts.)

Example of arbitration: A Manhattan landlord and a tenant insert in a lease a clause that all disputes are to be settled by arbitration. The tenant charges the heating is poor, wants to break the lease. The landlord says "no." They go to the Fifth Avenue office of the Association, where a neutral arbitrator is chosen from a large panel of volunteers. Landlord and tenant each presents his story in non-legal jargon, probably without a lawyer or many witnesses.

**Settlements Final**—The arbitrator's decision is final, unlike a conciliator's, which must be agreed to by both parties. No compromise, but a definite judgment is given. Cost—only a set fee ($5 if $500 is involved, $75 for $5,000); results—probably as just as those obtained by lengthy court arguments, but with little time lost. Altho mainly for business men, arbitration is another step toward "poor man's justice."

Noting more than a half century of legal aid work, the United States Department of Labor printed a book last month, "Growth of Legal Aid Work in the United States," written by two noted Bar Association members—Reginald Heber Smith, Bostonian, and John S. Bradway, Philadelphian. They did what most other lawyer advocates of legal aid work do: suggested more contributions to make up societies' perennial deficits.

*California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Nevada, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont and Washington. The cities of Chicago and Philadelphia also have them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Off-Side

**Thumbing Jail**—While George McCoy of the South Dakota Department of Justice was searching the highways for Curtis Weigold, eighteen-year-old fugitive from the Wyoming Industrial Institute, a youth thumbed a ride. McCoy stopped, picked him up and then took a good look. It was Weigold.

* * *

**Complete Ceremony**—Because friends wanted him to officiate at their wedding, Joe Pomatto, new Justice of the Peace at Everton, Missouri, had the county judge write out the marriage ceremony for him. Then absent-mindedly he read it aloud, even to the last line: "Kiss the bride and collect $2."

* * *

**Pawned Pants**—When Charles Seel of Atlantic City, newly robbed of his wardrobe, thought he recognized a pair of pants walking down the board walk, he called the police. In the pants pockets were pawn-tickets for his other suits, all made out in his name.

* * *

**Dog Rights**—A Cleveland, Ohio, wife complained that her night-club manager husband never got home nights. In fact their dog, thinking him a stranger, bit him one night by mistake. So the judge ordered the husband to come home at least one night a week.

* * *

**Stolen Showers**—On a recent Saturday night, the Sheriff's Office at Syracuse, New York, was called to investigate burglars in the high school. They discovered two youngsters had climbed in an unlocked window and taken showers—nothing else.

* * *

**Equine Tragedy**—Axel Carlson of Greenwood, Illinois, tells how after one of his team of horses died on the road, the other looked around, saw the corpse of his pal being hoisted on the wagon, and fell dead in his tracks.

* * *

**Summer Furnace**—Mrs. E. R. Slattery of El Reno, Oklahoma, thought 100 degrees on her front porch cool compared to the house itself. Somebody's cigarette had lighted trash in the furnace.

* * *

**Hanging Bonus**—Charles Stevens of San Quentin Prison, under sentence of death for murder, has refused his $700 bonus. However, he's reconsidering. He may use it to pay for his hanging.

* * *

**Oily Cure**—To cure chronic "gripers," Muskogee, Oklahoma, established a "castor-oil club." Each time a member complains of an ailment, he drinks three ounces of castor-oil.

* * *

**Unemployment Note**—Los Gatos, California, needs a bootblack. The town's one and only recently took to the road, leaving the citizens to shine their own.

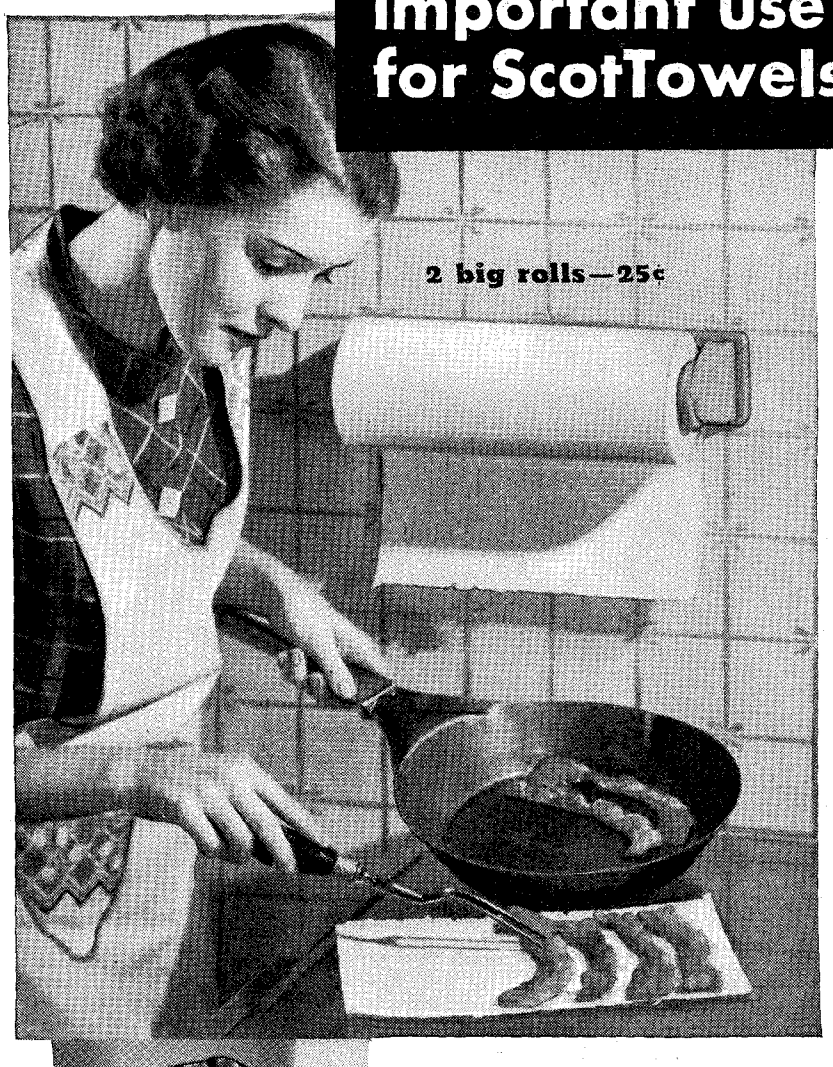
* * *

**Gallant Gobbler**—During the hottest weather, a South Carolina turkey gobbler gallantly sat on a hen's nest for four weeks. Five turkeys were hatched.

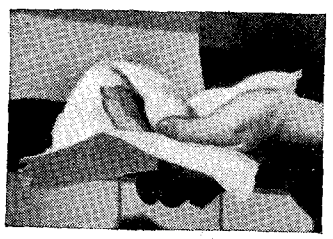
* * *

**Loveless Longevity**—Miss Doloras Bedoya of San Salvador credits her ripe old age of 120 to the fact she has never been in love in all her life.


# The 2nd most important use for ScotTowels!



**WIPING POTS AND PANS—ScotTowels quickly wipe off messy grease, save linen towels.**



**DRYING HANDS—Highly absorbent, ScotTowels really dry *dry*, save laundering.**

## —draining grease from bacon and other fried foods

OBVIOUSLY the chief use for ScotTowels in the kitchen is for drying hands. But thousands of women say these absorbent paper towels are almost as useful for draining bacon and other fried foods.

They save time and laundry. Lighten work. Just tear one off the neat white roll . . . use it . . . throw it away.

Made of "thirsty fibre," ScotTowels are soft and absorbent. Put a roll of these work savers in your kitchen today.

On sale at grocery, drug and department stores—2 big rolls (150 towels on each roll) 25¢—that's only a penny a dozen! Or, write Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

(This offer applies only to the U. S., its insular possessions and Canada)

**INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.
If your dealer does not sell ScotTowels, send us 50¢ (money or stamps) and you will receive postage paid—
2 ROLLS OF SCOTTOWELS, AND 1 ENAMELED FIXTURE,
or SEND $1.00 FOR 6 ROLLS AND ONE FIXTURE
Check color of towel fixture desired: ☐ ivory ☐ pale green
Name_____
Address_____
Dealer's Name and Address_____
D8-29-36


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Parade

"More American women would take up chess if there was anything in it for them," declared **Mrs. Adele Rivero,** twenty-eight, the undisputed, if unofficial, woman's chess champion of the United States. "The game needs a whale of a lot of publicity just as bridge had. At the present time there are very few American women who even play a passable game."

With the current tournament at Nottingham in progress and plans being laid for the seventh International Chess Olympiad in Stockholm next year, several American clubs were reported trying to organize a women's team to represent this country.

"But where are we to get the funds?" asked Mrs. Rivero. "A chess player, as such, has a hard time making a living. I'd go gladly if I knew I could get my job back later."

Blond, with blue eyes, and an "A" rating for chess—even among men—Mrs. Rivero is a stenographer. During the winter she plays one tournament a week and receives from ten to fourteen dollars for the four hours of play. Born in Antwerp, she has been in New York for eighteen years and has been playing chess for three seasons. She doesn't like bridge and her greatest ambition is some day to meet Miss Vera Menchikova, thirty-two-year-old Czechoslovakian chess champion. Since residing in England she is known as Miss Menchik but is the most highly respected player of her sex.

Among the thousand-odd American women chess players, others who rate highly are Mrs. Mary Bain, formerly of Los Angeles; Mrs. Raphael E. McCready, Mrs. W. I. Seaman, Mrs. L. Milton, Miss Celia Fawns and Mrs. William Slater—all of New York.

* * *

Prominent Americans will be participants in three distant marriages of the next few months. From New Canaan, Connecticut, **Charlotte Kaufmann** is going to Bombay, India, where, on October 1, she will become the bride of Fernand H. Chrestien in the Church of Scotland. Miss Gladys Willis of Roslyn, Long Island, will voyage 7,000 miles to Cape Town, South Africa, where she will marry Warren M. Eckweiler.

Adele Rivero: brilliant chess champion

Samuel Carnes Collier will marry Miss Dixie Thompson in St. Andrews Cathedral, Honolulu, on September 10.

* * *

"You can't tell the real Englishman on London streets any more," laughed **Hubert Osborne,** playwright ("Shore Leave"), on returning to the U. S. A. for a flying visit. "They've gone American in a big way. American clothes, slang, speed and—I'm sorry to say—reckless spending of boom days. Money is being thrown around wildly, but the English are so busy imitating us I guess they don't remember October, 1929." Osborne found speed in decisions and freedom to work were the principal reasons for the success of English films.

* * *

A stray puppy, wandering the streets of Knoxville, Tennessee, caused a mild sensation in the homes of more than 200 women. Around the dog's neck was a note, attached to a string: "To whom concerned. Please take care of this dog. Mother made me get rid of it." A woman who found it, telephoned the Knoxville *News-Sentinel,* which published a picture of the dog. Then applicants for the ownership telephoned all day. Finally the dog was adopted by **Mrs. George H. French** and named Trixie. At the new home the puppy has a playmate in an eighteen-months-old blond grandson.

* * *

"It's the fire of love in me that makes people like me," declared **Mae Murray,** screen actress. "Every day, I am happy from the moment I rise in the morning until I retire at night."

Packing up all the latest in Hollywood beach togs and saucy bathing suits, **Bette Davis** silently left the film capital *via* Canada for England. She is one of the stars rebelling at present contracts and plans to make films in England unless. . . .

"I think movie acting is a pretty silly business for a man to be in," said **Gary Cooper.** "Because it takes less training, less ability and less brains to be successful at it, than any other business I can think of."

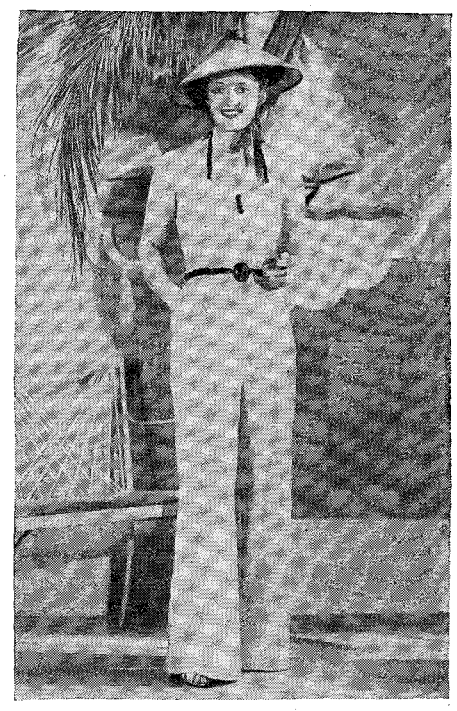
* * *

Built in 1636 and called "the oldest house in the country," the **Fairbanks** homestead at Dedham, Massachusetts, was the scene of a tercentennial celebration. From every State in the Union, Hawaii, Alaska and Mexico, more than 600 members of the Fairbanks family in America gathered for the annual meeting of the incorporated association. Some 250,000 visitors have passed through the house since it was opened to the public in 1908.

At Greeneville, Tennessee, the memory of **Davy Crockett** was honored by a pageant attended by 1,200 persons. Hundreds visited the place of his birth several miles from the town. The historical festival included a parade of pioneer vehicles, old-time carts, and ox-wagons. Gov. Hill McAlister was the principal speaker.

* * *

Arriving in New York with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was **Mrs. Ada Littlejohn,** one of the most famous first-nighters. For thirty years she had never missed a first performance of Gilbert and Sullivan. In London she is called "the ranking amateur Savoyard" and is now official mascot for the troupe in its transcontinental American tour. Possessed of an income of her own, Mrs. Littlejohn plans to remain in the United States "until I spend too much money." The only saddening note to dampen the spirits of the famous company was the announcement of the death of Sir Henry Lytton, sixty-nine, noted Gilbert and Sullivan interpreter.



Bette Davis takes a holiday from the screen

* * *

Hero of a transoceanic trip to clip a few hairs, **Louis Arico,** fifty-nine-year-old barber, died in New York. In 1929 he was awakened at five o'clock one morning by telephone. "Louis, this is Bill Kenny. Come over to England, will you, and cut my hair?" London barbers howled and Arico forgot to obtain either passport or permit. But he saw London, praised English barbers, yet called their shops "terrible."

"Haircutting is an art," Arico often said. "You must cut hair to fit the face. If the face is round the hair must be cut curvingly to fit. If the ears stand out big, the hair around the ears must be cut so as to make them look smaller. But one artist must never criticize another artist's work."

* * *

In a bathing suit, canvas shoes and a diving helmet, **Dr. Roy Daldo Miner,** Curator of Marine Life at the American Museum of Natural History, is planning to investigate and photograph undersea life at Christmas Island, Samoa and other Pacific Islands. "As I shall be armed only with a camera, I had better watch out for barracuda, sting rays and long moray eels—but sharks steer clear of a diving helmet."

* * *

Just what **Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Murray Judd** of Honolulu are going to call their month-old son for short is still a problem. But at the christening they gave him the formal name of Kananinoheaokuuhomeopuukaimanaalohilohinokeaweaweulamakaokalani Judd—sixty-three letters in the first name. The long word is Hawaiian for: "The Beautiful Aroma of My Home at Sparkling Diamond Hill is carried to the Eyes of Heaven."

* * *

"Salzburg was full of Americans," declared **Edward Johnson,** general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Association, on returning from Europe. "If Americans stop going there, I do not see how there will be any festival." Speaking of music in America, he said: "No country to-day has such a wonderful opportunity to foster and develop its native talent."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *Sport and Sportsmen*

# NON-ARYAN VICTORS IN NAZI OLYMPICS

## International Humor and Drama in Negro and Other Triumphs

Whether Fascist, Monarchistic or democratic, the tone of the sporting press covering the opening day of the Olympic Games was mild and tolerant. While Hitler congratulated athletes and the stands rocked with the "Horst Wessel" anthem, the international press was almost listless.

Then came the second day, with the long-legged Cornelius Johnson loping into the air and floating over the high-jump bar at six feet and seven inches, only to lie basking in the sunlight while pale Aryans tried vainly to duplicate his single jump.

In the meantime, Ralph Metcalfe, his ebony body gleaming with the exertion, had won his heat in the quarter finals of the 100-meter dash; Jesse Owens, leaving his white rivals strung out behind him like so many plodding distance runners, had breasted the tape with the speed of a flaming black meteor. Telegraph keys hummed.

It was then that *Der Fuehrer* hastily left his box; Aryan affairs of state could no longer wait.

*Der Angriff*, official organ of the Nazis and Propagandist Goebbels's chief pet, sought to step into the breach. Editorially and at great length, it described how unfair the Americans were. Without their "black auxiliaries," it said, the United States would be back somewhere in the dust.

**Ill-Timed Editorial**—It was a gallant effort. But the paper had the misfortune to appear in the late afternoon of August 5, and to Germans returning from the stadium where they had just seen their discus tosser, Willie Schroeder, place fifth, while two white Americans, Ken Carpenter and Gordon Dunn, took first and second places, the editorial had a slightly tarnished aspect.

The scoring, hot upon the Aryan question, became the bone of contention. Correspondents found that while German newspapers differed greatly in their methods of scoring, they were united in results; the Fatherland was always well out front. With points running to fifth and sixth places (10, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1), the old home-town (country) team had the jump on the rest in the minor events.

That the Olympics would have the full complement of laughs was a foregone conclusion. Officialdom nearly brought about its own ruin with the number and importance of the badges it turned out. On the opening day, Eleanor-Holm-Jarrett-barring Avery Brundage was denied admittance by a stolid guard demanding proper credentials. While he sweated and fumed, a United Press correspondent nonchalantly strolled through the gate on the strength of an old New York speakeasy card.

**Cosmopolitan Tempers**—Since their inception in 1896, the Olympic Games have produced many tales for the archives of all-too-human affairs. The gathering of athletes from all over the world has given rise to clashes of temperament that have sometimes threatened to develop into international complications. There are still echoes of the marathon of 1908 when the Italian Dorando Pietri was carried across the finish line by officials, while America's doughty little Johnny Hayes trotted unnoticed into the stadium in second place, later to be declared the winner.

American, British and Italian tempers shot up to the boiling-point.

The tales that live longest are those of a humorous nature. Ville Porhola, the Finnish weight-thrower, still competing at over forty, remembers how the "Irish Whales," that mad group of Irish-Americans who dominated the Olympics for so long, tried to cinch the shot-put for their own Pat McDonald in 1920.

They knew that the Finn was the outstanding competitor, so they framed a hoax on the practise-field to give Porhola the impression that old Pat had heaved the shot-put far beyond the Finn's record of more than fifty feet. At the Finn's naïve expression of amazement, the Irish-Americans generously offered to demonstrate the McDonald technique.

For hours, on the afternoon before the event, they gave all their time and energy to their pupil—on the sound theory that he would be so tired by the time the event came up that he wouldn't be able to raise an arm, much less the shot. The look on their faces when the Finn profited greatly by their teachings and made his cast well beyond McDonald's best efforts is one of Porhola's treasured memories.

**National Customs**—American runners were amazed to learn that Finns took steam baths on the night before their events; athletes in a body piously swore that the kangaroo mascot of the Australians sat in open-mouthed astonishment at the feats of Jesse Owens in the jumping pit, and could be seen almost any time thereafter furtively studying the form of the American.

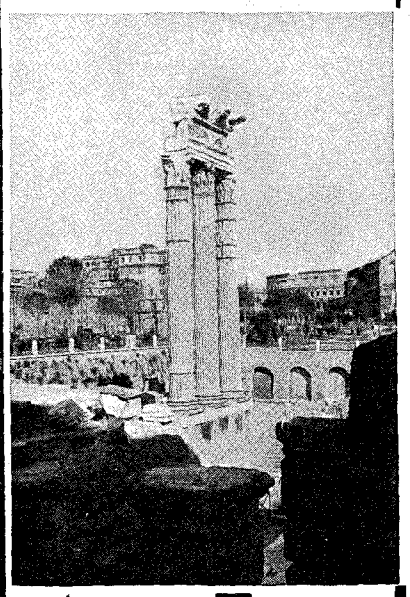
There was also amazement at the flood of tears which greeted the victory of little Kitei Son in the marathon. As an expression of joy, Japanese tears were beyond the ken of other nations.

The Olympics closed at an evening ceremony with great searchlights focused for

Wide World

Kitei Son: his victory brought floods of tears from the Japanese gallery


INEXPENSIVE



Italy

SHOULD BE YOUR CHOICE THIS YEAR

YOU will never forget **VENICE** by moonlight, the restful, smiling Italian LAKES, beautiful **MERANO**, the snow-clad **DOLOMITES**, the historical and now modern art cities of **ROME**, FLORENCE and NAPLES.

**Your BANK or TRAVEL Bureau can furnish you with**

*TOURIST CHECKS*

**or LETTERS OF CREDIT**

*at $6.05 per 100 LIRE*

**You will *save* 25% on the *exchange***

The same rate is available for **HOTEL** and **GASOLINE COUPONS.—RAILROAD FARES** are reduced from 50 to 70%.

Also ask about the new "unlimited travel" season tickets. You may never be able to travel for so little again.

**For information apply to**

**ALL TRAVEL AGENCIES or to**

*ITALIAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE*

**NEW YORK, N. Y.:**
**Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Ave.**
**(COlumbus 5-1300)**

**CHICAGO, Ill.:**
**333 North Michigan Avenue**

**SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.:**
**604 Montgomery Street**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© International

**The Bomber won . . . but the fistic world hesitates to pin labels of "superman" upon him again**

the last time on the massed flags of the nations; guns boomed salutes in the distance. Through the microphone came the voice of the President of the International Olympic Committee, Count Henri Baillet-Latour:

". . . . and in accordance with tradition, we call upon the youth of every country to assemble in four years at Tokyo, there to celebrate with us the twelfth Olympic Games."

In the complete silence after the weeks of shouting and laughter, the Olympic flame over the Marathon Gate flickered lower and lower until it guttered and died.

---

## PARADOXICAL LOUIS:

### The Brown Bomber Has Prize-Ring Scribes All Upset Again

"Time: one minute and two seconds of the third round. The winner is . . . Joe Louis!"

Handlers supported a battered old fighter to his corner; a brown young Negro shuffled slowly away from him. Below the green ropes on the night of August 18, while a gust of wind drifted smoke-clouds across the ring, the inky mills of the press began to grind out the saga of Joseph Louis Barrow once again.

Two months ago, on the evening of June 19, Joe Louis was riding on one of the greatest waves of publicity ever accorded an athlete. From the time he had been selected as the outstanding athlete of 1935, with a long string of victories culminating in the defeats of Baer and Carnera, sports-writers spared no efforts to put his name before an avid public.

By the night of the Schmeling fight, they had built him into an invincible superman who outranked such dark oldsters as Joe Gans and Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby.

Only Jack Johnson, the famous "L'il Arthuh" of other days, found fault with the latest bearer of the standard of his race, and his cavilings were set down to jealousy that another had risen to usurp his glory.

When he stepped into the ring, there were few takers at the prohibitive odds of 10-1 that Schmeling would be defeated. For three rounds, the phlegmatic German made no effort to protect the right side of his face, while a strangely clumsy Louis rained punches on it. In the fourth round, the right that had been cocked for so long lashed out in a blow that could be heard to the last tiers and started the *debacle* that was completed eight rounds later.

**Writers' Dilemma**—When the tumult and the shouting died away, sports-scribes made attempts at reconstruction. That their god had feet of clay, the writers had learned to their dismay, and they were beginning to think his jaw was made of even less durable material.

They blamed for Louis's failure his training methods, the night's postponement, and anything they could concoct. The effect of tons of publicity and repeated assurances of invincibility on the mind of a twenty-two-year-old boy was neglected.

The news that Jack Sharkey, the Ancient Mariner, from Boston, was coming out of retirement and would try his luck with the Negro was accompanied by no great fanfare. Once burned, the sports-writers were more than twice shy; and when they were forced by the nearness of the fight to inspect the training camps, they fell over backward in criticizing the Tan Thunderbolt's latest efforts.

There were few good reasons why the Dark Angel should not handle Sharkey with ease. But the boys were leaving themselves plenty of fire-escapes.

When Joe Louis came back to the Yankee Stadium, the sight of his blue bathrobe evoked none of the cheers of two months ago. A crowd of 30,000 sat calmly under the warm August sky; lacking was the excitement and anxiety of the Schmeling fight.

The seat-holders quietly watched the dull preliminaries and confined their remarks to "Take ya hat off, you in the free seats." Even the entrance of Sharkey evoked only sporadic cheers from the group who had come from Boston to see their favorite tavern-keeper attempt his comeback.

**Endurance Test**—The bell destroyed all the lethargy, for Louis came out of his corner with the old sulky, smooth-flowing shuffle, gave Sharkey no chance to get set for a rain of punches. Before the round was well under way, the fight had become a question of how long the thirty-four-year-old veteran could take it.

In the third round, Sharkey tried to struggle to his feet and fell back to be counted out. With courage his only asset, he had pawed out into the barrage of gloves for as long as his arms would function, while the Negro had battered through them ceaselessly. Knocking down Sharkey four times in less than two rounds, Louis was conceded a par for the course.

As the referee dropped his hand, Louis went to his corner, his eye sliding along the press-rows where the telegraph-keys chattered out their tale. The Bomber had won, but the issue was no clearer than before. How good Sharkey might have been was something that would never be known; he never had a chance to show it.

Did the young Negro have a glass jaw? Had Schmeling softened him up? Could he take it? It couldn't be proved by the man sitting on the camp-stool dazedly.

**Another Upset**—One thing was certain; Joe Louis had once more completely upset the heavy-weight picture. It was obvious that no second-rater would tame him for many a year. But could Schmeling beat him again? How about Braddock? First-rate heavy-weights are at a premium; Maxie Baer is staging a come-back. Could the Livermore Laugh throw his looping right at the dark fellow, now that it is known that he can be hit?

Fingers itched to pound out the story that Joe Louis was once more on the way to the top, that he had learned his lesson from Schmeling, that he was once more the unqualified marvel of the fistic world.

But always in the background was a shadow. The Sharkey who had once been the wild man of the ring, who would fight for money, marbles or chalk, had not laid a hand on the smooth brown skin. Might not some youngster come up who could trade punches with Louis and land another blow over that low left guard? Couldn't some of the smarter men stifle with skill and hard-bought ring knowledge the power in those hands?

Down in the dressing-room, the only man who could answer these questions slipped into a light tan suit and smiled sleepily at the reporters while he posed for still more pictures. Then he shoved a straw hat onto the back of his tremendous curly head and shuffled off toward Harlem.

---

## *Advertising*

## RISING "TIDE": Sprightly Trade Magazine Gets New Editor, Becomes Semimonthly

Page after page of eye-taxing statistics make the average trade magazine about as sprightly as the index of a mail-order catalog. One notable exception is a bright advertising monthly—*Tide*.

Last week, nine-year-old *Tide* made two announcements: 1. Beginning October 1, it will be published twice a month; 2. on that date it will go into the hands of a new editor—David Frederick, formerly of the Boston Bureau of the Associated Press.

In 1927, the late Briton Hadden put in concrete form an idea he had had for many years—a chatty, informal monthly which would cover the high spots of advertising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

news, report on new trends, praise or deride advertising copy. Until 1930, *Tide* was little more than an eight page house organ which was mailed out free of charge to some 3,000 advertising executives, and at $1 a year to some 250 subscribers.

Aside from tongue-in-cheek discussions of current advertising campaigns, and rippling satirical comment on the trend of cosmetic and dentifrice copy, the magazine made another important contribution to this particular branch of trade journalism. At the suggestion of Raymond Rubicam, of the New York agency of Young and Rubicam, Hadden's magazine introduced a column of "Stoppers," catch-phrases and sentences placed at the top of an advertisement to catch the reader's eye. Some sample "Stoppers":

"The Bathroom Drain Choked Again—And Only Half the Twins Washed *(Drano)*."

"Alone—But Not Lonely *(Atwater Kent)*."

"Men Are Not Naturally Mean Before Breakfast *(Log Cabin Syrup)*."

Unable to give *Tide* the attention it demanded, Hadden sold his pet journal in 1930 to the newly formed Tide Publishing Company, headed by Mr. Rubicam and Frank McCullough, also prominent in the advertising field. An agreement was made whereby the new owners could keep not only the features, format, and highly stylized writing of the magazine, but also its young Editor, Dexter Masters, son of historian and novelist Edgar Lee Masters.

**Wise Build-Up**—Since *Tide* had been sailing breezily into the offices of some 10,000 business executives for over a year and into advertising offices for more than three years, its new owners had a bed-rock foundation on which to build. They built wisely.

The January, 1931, issue, first number to be put out by the new owners, carried a "Superquestionnaire Couponaire" insert for the convenience of prospective subscribers. One section of the insert was an order blank for a year's subscription; another section offered the reader a trial subscription; a third carried space for criticism of the magazine; the fourth was an enthusiastic indorsement of *Tide* which readers could tear out and mail to the editors of the magazine.

Depending on such sophisticated sales pressure and on the solid reputation which the magazine had been building for more than three years, *Tide's* editors gathered 2,424 paid subscribers in 1931. In two years they ran the circulation above the 5,000 mark. The average circulation in 1936 has been 6,180.

His five-year "loan" period up, Dexter Masters retired from the Editorship of *Tide* last April. He could derive satisfaction from the knowledge that, under his stewardship, *Tide* stood among the first six* of the thirty-two magazines in the United States devoted exclusively to advertising.

His successor was an associate editor named Mildred Alice Edie. In 1929, Miss Edie was making a job-hunting tour of New York City after a childhood in Kansas City and two years at Kansas University. She passed her first night on a bench in Manhattan's Edgar Allan Poe Park—because her favorite author had once lived there.

After eighteen months in a number of different jobs, she was advised by the editor of a woman's magazine to try free-lance writing. Tho she had never used cosmetics—and does not use them to this day—she managed to grind out advice to women on how to keep wrinkles out of the forehead, how to protect the hair-line, and many other subjects—but only after she had had several lessons from New York's foremost beauty specialists. In 1931, she finally landed a steady job on *Tide*.

Twenty-nine years old herself, youth has been to Mildred Alice Edie the soul of *Tide*. She is the oldest of a staff of seven editors. She attributes the success of *Tide* to the fact that the magazine's editors have maintained a youthful view-point toward their subject. Thus a new cigarette campaign means to them the thrill of a new venture into an unmarked field, a battle with competitors and ultimate defeat or victory. In the way they slant their stories, in their choice of colorful verbs and adjectives, *Tide* editors attempt to slip this feel of drama into their writing, in place of the stodgy, prosaic announcements that advertising agents have been accustomed to reading.

Miss Edie and her associate editors pore over eight newspapers daily, every lay and trade magazine published, all the latest books that touch on economics—for it is a requirement that *Tide* editors have a good working knowledge of this subject. In addition, each member of the staff is required to make daily rounds of certain advertising agencies to get the latest news in the field, make contacts that will later enrich *Tide* advertising stories, and keep the magazine's name before agents.

**Cartoon Features**—Under Editors Masters and Edie, the magazine has made excursions into new and broader fields. It still carries its column of "Stoppers," and has, in addition, departments covering the newspapers, radio and magazines. Each issue carries three or four cartoons poking fun at various phases of advertising, also a two-page spread of pictures featuring writers, publishers and advertisers.

Keenly aware that its "Stoppers" column is one of its strongest selling-points, *Tide*, in its current, runs:

"Absence makes the meat grow tender *(Hotpoint ranges)*."

"Always an usher . . . never a bridegroom. *(Venus Pencils)*."

"Two hats in search of a girl *(Knox hats)*."

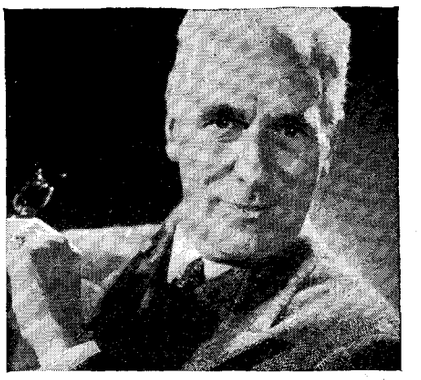
**Signs of Progress**—*Tide's* success is eminently attested by its decision of last week to appear twice a month instead of monthly. Essentially a magazine of news, it was felt that it lost freshness by having to refer to activities of "last month." During the last year it has attempted to offset this handicap by issuing a supplementary news bulletin between regular issues.

*Tide's* new editor is not a newcomer to the advertising field. In addition to working for various Boston advertising agencies, he did three years of free-lance writing for advertising journals from 1926 to 1929. After working as a reporter on the Boston *Herald* for five years, he joined the Boston bureau of the Associated Press.

A son of J. George Frederick, former editor of *Printers Ink, Advertising and Selling*, and *Judicious Advertising*, David Frederick possesses one of *Tide's* first requirements—youth. Twenty-seven years old, he will become the editor of *Tide* at the exact age at which his father was appointed editor of *Printers Ink*.

*Alphabetically, the other five are: *Advertiser, Advertising Age, Advertising and Selling, Editor & Publisher, Printers Ink* (weekly and monthly).


# Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



YOUR doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

**THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE**

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset the digestion.

**EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT**

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point.

Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole, wide world.

**PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF**

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to your children.

**A PLEASURE TO TAKE**

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V86, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**When Nature forgets—remember**

**EX-LAX**

**THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# STATISTICIANS CHARTING PROSPERITY

## They Prophesy Approach to Predepression Living Standards

Two out of every three families in the United States own a motor-car. Two out of three have a radio. Every other American has a life insurance policy. One out of every three has a savings bank deposit. One out of five owns securities. One out of eight has a telephone. Last week *Factory Management and Maintenance* illustrated these and other prideful facts in a comparative living standard chart that is significantly unfavorable to every other country in the world.

Last week also Americans saw many striking evidences of continuing recovery-progress toward greater prosperity. Among new exhibits were: Railroad net earnings more than doubling those of a year ago. Second greatest electric power output ever recorded. Highest rate of steel plant operations in six years. Record-breaking production of cigarettes. New all-time peak of bank deposits in New York. Sharply increased corporation profits, substantially increased corporation dividends in wide variety. Promptly successful offerings of new bond issues in Wall Street. Further acquisitions of the world's gold.

Highlight, aptly framed by that array of bullish items, was an exultant Department of Commerce prediction that the national income in 1936 would rise $7,000,000,000 to total $60,000,000,000, and therefore somewhat top the aggregate of national spendings. The forecast was widely proclaimed, was variously stimulating. If fulfilled, the country would come out of the red for the first time since 1929.

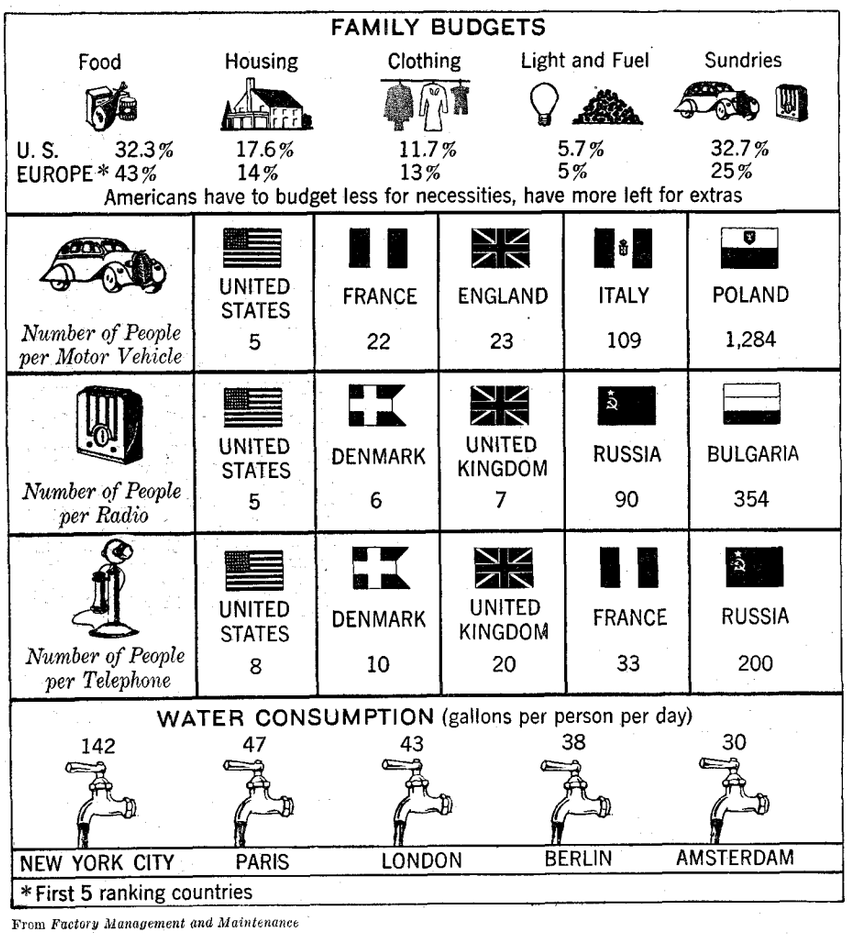
Since that boom-culmination year (total income $81,000,000,000; total spendings $12,000,000,000 less) the American national budget has been unbalanced. In depression-bottom 1932 income was below $40,000,000,000, spendings were $9,000,000,000 more than that. Income of $53,000,000,000 in 1935 was still insufficient to cover national expenditures. This year, however, the predicted $60,000,000,000 should produce a net national saving despite motors, radios, telephones, insurance premiums, bathtubs, fur coats, permanent waves and the like in world-beating number.

**Data Incomplete**—To be sure, the figures are approximate, are necessarily inaccurate. Data from which they are derived are sadly incomplete; much time must elapse before as much as 50 per cent. of them can be considered reliable. Admitting this last week, the cautious National Industrial Conference Board made public its own estimate of 1936 national income, putting the total five billions lower than the Department of Commerce's sixty. Like the Department, however, the Board foresaw a material increase in the income of the average American family.

Chiefly, the Department's forecast was a recital of estimates and statistics for 1935, when national income rose to 68 per cent. of the 1929 peak and per capita income of employed individuals reached 82 per cent. of the 1929 level. Upon that basis, the anticipated improvement in 1936 would, if realized, lift the income to 75 per cent. of the predepression top, the per capita for employees to 90 per cent. That would be an average of $1,320 per employee.

**Workers' Share**—Roughly, somewhat more than 60 per cent. of national income takes the form of salaries and wages. Disbursements of that sort reached $51,000,000,000 in 1929 and fell to $28,000,000,000 in 1933. The Department of Commerce indication is that they will be at least $36,000,000,000 in 1936, perhaps more. Another 20 per cent. of income is that derived by individuals from businesses in which they are engaged for themselves. Dividends account for 7 per cent. or less. Interest and rent account for 6 per cent. Calculated from past performances none too well authenticated, the ratios are uncertain, but statisticians find them serviceable.

Since the prediction of increase in national income this year is another form of assertion of substantial business improvement, New Deal critics were quick last week to ask the Commerce Department why the improvement is not reducing relief rolls and unemployment. Equally quick to answer their own question, such critics declared business improvement to be due so largely to Government spending and bank deposit creation that it is artificial, that most of the increased dollar-income produced by it will be more apparent than real. Nevertheless business men and their agencies throughout the country promptly hailed the forecast as highly reassuring, showed a ready disposition to accept it without regard for its possibly political character.




From *Factory Management and Maintenance*

# CORK IS STRAFED: War Forces Diversion From Spain of Raw Material Buying for U. S.

In shell-*strafed* Algeciras, Spain, a fortnight ago, a $7,500 pile of cork smouldered lazily on a battered dock. The bellowing guns of the loyalist battle-ship *Jaime Primero* had set it afire while popping the Rebel troop-ship *Dato*.

Overseas, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, H. W. Prentis, Jr., round-faced, bespectacled President of the Armstrong Cork Company, frowned at the cabled news of the cork's destruction. Deeper still became his frown as he considered the plight of Armstrong's four cork-processing factories, seeking to maintain normal activity in Spain during the civil war. In rebel territory lie the Algeciras and Seville plants. In loyalist Catalonia, facing possible confiscation by Soviet-minded Anarcho-Syndicalists, are the Palamos and Palagrugell units.

Promptly, President Prentis ordered Armstrong's three American factory and sales executives to dust out of Spain, set up sales headquarters across the French border.

**Reassurance**—Then, to jittery stockholders who had kept Armstrong executives hopping with inquiries concerning the company's Spanish properties, Prentis issued a reassuring statement:

Armstrong's $3,460,527 (book value)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investment in the war-torn country would not be vitally affected, regardless of the eventual outcome. Altho Spain exported a large part of the world's annual 500,000-ton supply of cork, Armstrong easily could obtain materials from neighboring Portugal and from North Africa; furthermore, domestic factories could, in an emergency, turn out products previously handled by 2,000-odd Spanish workers. For this purpose Armstrong was installing new machinery in American plants.

Diversion of some Armstrong raw cork purchases to North Africa meant that company buyers would resume acquaintance with Algeria's "upside-down" cork-wood auction sales.

To vie for the French Government's corkwood crop in Algeria, buyers don't shout their bids in the manner of usual auctions. Instead, they sit silently while the auctioneer rattles off prices he hopes to receive for the crop. Starting with a high figure, he slowly lowers it until a bidder yells, *"Je prends!"* He who yells first is the successful bidder.

**Grown As Bark**—Cork is the spongy bark of the cork-oak. Not until the tree attains twenty years do natives pay attention to it. Then, against mature trees, natives wield a long-handled hatchet which neatly strips the bark. Little can be done with the first or virgin layer except to use it for packing cases. As the tree grows, its cork-bark improves. At forty and fifty, the tree is at its best. To grow a new coat of bark, a tree requires almost a decade; but it will continue to yield bark for a century.

To prepare cork for market, natives boil it in vats, removing sap and tannic acid. Boiling increases the bark's volume, gives it elasticity. Then, on *burros,* it is trundled to central depots.

In nine American factories, manned by 6,000 workers, Armstrong manufactures cork products to serve practically every industry.

Bottle corks, punched out of corkwood by the thousand, plug up French champagnes, California wines, rare cosmetics. For Heinz vinegar and Canada Dry ginger ale, Armstrong manufactures metal caps, lined with cork. Because cork is elastic, won't deteriorate and admits neither air nor water, producers want cork stoppers. To packers, refrigerator makers and builders, Armstrong sells cork insulation; to shoe manufacturers, heel pads and insoles; to cigarette manufacturers, cork for cork tips. In automobiles, tiny cork gaskets prevent fuel and oil leaks. In textile mills, weaving machinery depends on cork-covered rolls. In life-buoys, preservers, tennis racket handles and bulletin boards, the hard-working material finds a thousand other uses. Ingenious raincoat makers have even cemented a thin sheet of cork between two pieces of silk to provide waterproof coats.

**Many Uses**—But it is a by-product of cork that accounts for the major portion of Armstrong's business.

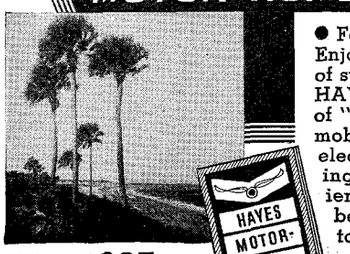
From scraps of cork left from the manufacture of stoppers and other products, domestic Armstrong factories prepare a fine powder. By mixing this powder with linseed oil and spreading the mix over burlap under pressure supplied by huge rollers, the company produces linoleum.

Since cork deadens sound, and is washable, linoleum has caught on in offices, hospitals, homes and commercial establishments.

Because of its dominant position, Armstrong is sometimes referred to as "the


ENJOY LIFE THIS WINTER!
HAYES MOTOR-HOME

America's Safety Steel Travel Coach




THREE BODY STYLES $395 AND UP f. o. b. Grand Rapids

● Follow the sun to Florida . . . California . . . Texas. Enjoy a glorious winter vacation for less than the cost of staying at home. Go places . . . see things . . . in a HAYES MOTOR-HOME. Scientifically constructed of "safety-steel" by one of America's oldest automobile body builders. All models equipped with electric lights, running water, heating and cooking stoves, porcelux refrigerator . . . new conveniences, added comfort. A complete dining-room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. Sleep 2 or 4. Write today for Free trailer-touring book.

*Some Dealer Territories Available.*

HAYES BODY CORPORATION (Motor-Home Division)
552 Seventh Street Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD
By Dorothy Nye

Your body is your autobiography and it is in your power to make the most of the material. It's fun to be alive if your body is supple and active, if it responds easily to your demands on it, if you can control your weight, can relax at will, and sleep when you like!

Writing in an informal, conversational style Miss Nye, a widely known authority on corrective gymnastics, teaches you how to analyze your own body, to study your defects of posture, weight, etc., and how to overcome them. You can have a good time exercising, and Miss Nye proves it.

*With photographs by Arnold Genthe. Pen-and-ink Illustrations by R. Roberts Baldwin.*
*Cloth. Price, $2.00; $2.14 by mail*
At All Bookstores, or from the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

A Wealth of Practical Knowledge—
*the Kind You Can Use Every Day*

Four Hundred Thousand Questions Quickly and Correctly Answered About Everything—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Art | Business | Metallurgy | Psychology |
| Agriculture | History | Music | Pharmacology |
| Astronomy | Law | Philosophy | Radio |
| Aviation | Literature | Physiology | Religion |
| Botany | Medicine | Politics | Telepathy |

FUNK & WAGNALLS
DESK STANDARD DICTIONARY
Defines 83,000 Words and Phrases

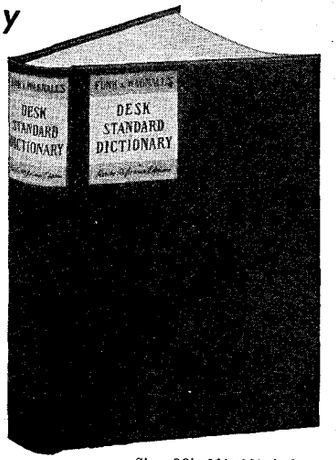
With its *one* great alphabetical vocabulary embracing:

1,200 Pictorial Illustrations
11,700 Lines of Synonymic Treatment and
754 Antonyms with their delicate shades of meaning
1,200 Foreign Phrases

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL
The Desk Standard gives clear and detailed information about new Countries, Persons, Places, Mountains, Rivers, Treaties, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES
The Desk Standard Dictionary contains tables of:

Values of Coins
Constellations, Planets, Stars
Weights and Measures, Including the Metric System, with Factors for Conversion
Chemical Elements, Giving Atomic Weight, Specific Gravity and Fusing or Melting Point of Each
Presidents of United States and Sovereigns of England




Size, 8¾x6½x1⅝ inches

*902 Pages. Only $2.00*

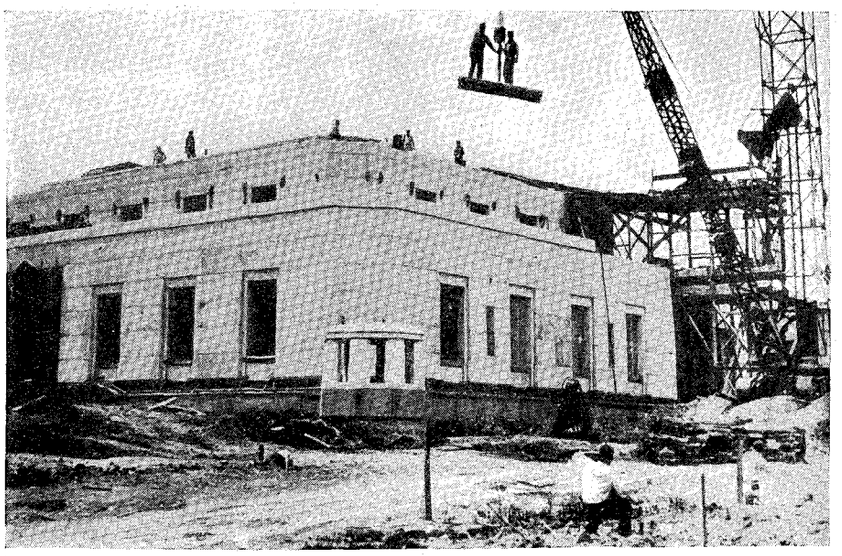
The Desk Standard Dictionary will prove a pleasing and constantly flowing fountain of knowledge for:

| | |
|---|---|
| Students | Business Men |
| Stenographers | Advertisers |
| Teachers | Correspondents |
| Secretaries | Speakers |
| Writers | Lawyers |

*Cloth, $2; indexed, $2.50; Leatherback, $2.50; indexed, $3.00; flexible leather, indexed, boxed, $6. Postage 18c. extra. Exquisitely bound in full crushed levant, gilt edges, hand-tooled, raised bands, boxed, $12.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Acme

Fort Knox: the dumping-place of America's gold hoard . . .
Mr. Babson fears there are too many eggs in one basket

United States Steel" of its field. To live up to this rank, Armstrong this year gleaned a net income of $1,676,399, or $1.38 a common share for the first six months; for the first six months last year, Armstrong earned $1,523,295, or $1.26 a share.

While Armstrong's total net income, covering both domestic and foreign operations for the first six months of 1936 totaled $1,676,399, earnings of the Spanish company for the first five months of this year aggregated $60,006. The book value of Armstrong's stock was $29.20 a share as of June 30. Of this amount less than 10 per cent. ($2.86 a share) represents the company's total investment in Spain.

Even in the remote contingency that all the company's holdings should be taken over or destroyed, the total loss to Armstrong would actually be an estimated 10 to 15 per cent. less than the amount of the investment because of accounts due to the Spanish company from customers outside Spain.

## GOLD POT TOO BIG: Babson Warns of $10,600,000,000 U. S. Hoard "in One Basket"

Roger Ward Babson, prophet of the 1929 stock market collapse, tugged at his white goatee last week and exploded a warning as startling as his crash prediction.

By dumping most of America's $10,600,000,000 gold hoard (one-half of the world's total gold supply) into a steel and concrete strong-box in the mountain fastness at Fort Knox, Kentucky, *Uncle Sam* was putting too many of his eggs in one basket, Babson contended. For such a fabulous prize, Fascists and Communists some day might unleash a revolution.

The white-haired statistician sounded his alarm after a Washington dispatch purported to disclose Treasury Department plans for transporting the bullion treasure from New York and Philadelphia subtreasury vaults to Fort Knox. More than fifty armored trains might be required to move the bulk of the hoard; each train would haul from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 in gold bars; Secret Service men and the Army would guard them.

In his Babson Park study, near Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, the rangy economist tossed away a copy of the Boston *Herald* which carried the report. Summoning his secretary, he dictated a special letter to clients of his statistical service.

The message thundered: "To secure control of nearly one-half of the world's total gold supply requires only securing control of the White House. The key to these great vaults is hanging on the wall of the President's private office!"

The sixty-one-year-old business oracle popped two relevant questions:

(1) Is not the United States as liable to have internal revolution as to be attacked by foreign nations?

(2) Are not gold and commodities much safer distributed among millions of people than stored, in Russian fashion, under the control of politicians?

In answering his first question, he said: "No one fears the United States will be conquered (by enemy nations). There is, however, a real danger that . . . a world conflict will be used either by Fascists or Communists to start a revolution in this country. . . . The key to these great vaults would serve as a goal 'worthy of fighting for' by competing dictators!"

Mr. Babson enlarged on his all-your-eggs-in-one-basket theme-song in following up his second question: "The one greatest step our nation has taken to prepare the ground for revolution was the taking of this gold from millions of banks, insurance companies and individuals and putting it together under the control of one man * . . ."

**Voters Cautioned**—Gloomily, the statistician admitted it would be a difficult task to persuade the Government to unscramble its $10,000,000,000 omelet and thus eliminate the temptation for one group to try to swallow it all at one gulp. But the thing to do, he warned, is to remember that "when we vote, we are voting as to who shall have the key to ALL our gold."

Ingenious engineers have outdone themselves to make sure that in at least one premise Mr. Babson is right; hereafter, the only way to grab America's gold will be to seize or overthrow its Government.

One of the most guarded of Treasury secrets is the thickness of the Fort Knox vault's cement-coated steel walls. No secret, however, is the fact that application of a blow-torch to the walls releases deadly gas fumes, that the building, like the vaults of the Bank of England, can be flooded in an emergency.

To win his way to this treasure-house, an enemy general, or an epic Jesse James of the future, would have to battle his way through the Appalachians. There, behind the hills that rim Fort Knox, he would face the United States Army's only mechanized cavalry unit, 1,300 men, each of whom would be responsible for $8,000,000 if the $10,000,000,000 were evenly divided.

*On June 30, 1932, prior to the Government's nationalization of gold, the Treasury reported the nation's supply totaled $3,918,000,000. Of this, the Treasury held $2,958,000,000 at subtreasury vaults and mints. All except a negligible portion of the remaining $960,000,000 lay in the vaults of the twelve Federal Reserve banks. Gold in circulation barely exceeded $500,000,000.

## TAUGHT BY MAMMOTH: Clue From Prehistoric Times Yields New Food-Preserving Process

A hairy Siberian mammoth trapped in prehistoric ice-muck, remained freshly preserved for five hundred centuries.

Pondering this and kindred feats of nature, A. B. Haslacher, fifty-seven-year-old fruit-grower, chemist and one-time newspaper reporter, reasoned: what's good for keeping hairy mammoths fresh for centuries should be good for keeping perishable foods fresh for weeks and months. On his Northern California fruit-ranch in 1924 he tinkered with a freezing process.

From this tinkering was born Fresh-N-Ice: a wet freezing process which encases food materials in blocks of ice where they remain unspoiled for years, provided the ice does not melt.

**Food in Ice-Cakes**—Last week from San Francisco, Orient-bound freighters carried in their holds fifty-pound ice-blocks encasing string beans, broccoli, apples, apricots. They carried also pint, quart and gallon containers of similarly frozen fruits and vegetables. Three or four weeks after packing in California, spinach will be delivered fresh to foreign-colony youngsters in Shanghai, Bombay, Hongkong. There, mammas will simply have to thaw out the vegetables and cook them in the water of the melted ice, thus preserving their mineral salts.

Already, the recently formed Fresh-N-Ice Process Foods Co. boasts contracts to supply frozen-in-ice artichokes, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, cranberries, lettuce, fruits, peaches, to Pan American Airway bases at Guam and Wake Islands, to the Navy's Pacific Fleet, to steamships plying the Pacific. The vegetables are merely packed in water, the fruits in a simple syrup.

Fresh-N-Ice buys its own fruits and vegetables, does its own processing.

**Possible Rivalry**—Use of the Fresh-N-Ice process affords no saving over canning. Some day, however, when sales volume expands, Fresh-N-Ice hopes to give canners a run for their money. Meanwhile the company is experimenting with poultry.

To make headway, Fresh-N-Ice products must compete with giant General Foods Corporation's Birdseye Frosted Foods. Unlike Fresh-N-Ice products which are frozen in water at ten-degree temperatures, Birdseye Foods are frozen without added liquids, at temperatures from ten to thirty-five degrees below zero.

Other Fresh-N-Ice competitors include cold storage warehouses which use a wet process to freeze small fruits for ice-cream manufacturers and packers who freeze meat and poultry by a process which employs a brine spray.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

**Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.**

**consummate.**—"K. G.," New York City.—The verb *consummate* may be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable or on the second, tho the former is preferred. But in the past tense, the major stress is thrown on the first syllable in either case, and becomes *con'sum-ma"ted.*

**drier, dryer.**—"B. A. S.," Cleveland, O.—In general, lexicographers note *drier* as the noun accepted in practise because it was the first used, and *dryer* as a variant form introduced three hundred years later. The word *drier* has been used with the following meanings: (1) A thing that removes moisture (1500); (2) A person engaged in drying (1828); (3) A substance that dries quickly, as limestone or coral (1886). The word *dryer* has been employed in the following senses: (1) A substance mixed with oil-paints to cause them to dry quickly (1840); (2) A machine or apparatus used to rid a substance of moisture (1874).

**economics.**—"C. W. S.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—Both the pronunciations referred to are in use, *ek"o-nom'ics* (*e* as in *get*, major stress on the third syllable) is the pronunciation favored by the New Standard Dictionary (1913-1935), altho in the original Standard Dictionary (published in 1893), Dr. March favored *i"ko-nom'ics* (first *i* as in *police*). The following authorities support *ek"o-nom'ics*—Hunter's Encyclopedic Dictionary, Stormonth's Dictionary of the English Language, and Worcester's Dictionary. Of these, the first two were Scotsmen. Whitney, Murray, and Ogilvie preferred *i"ko-nom'ics* (first *i* as in *police*), in which case we have two Scotsmen and one American favoring the second pronunciation.

**raise, rise, increase.**—"W. A. T.," Bartlesville, Okla.—The form, "a *raise* in salary," is well established, and since 1728 has been accepted as good English. It is found in good literature on both sides of the Atlantic. "An *increase*," as of pay for services rendered, is as common in England as it is in the United States. *Rise* with the meaning, "an advance in wages," is colloquial English and dates from 1836.

**rhyn** or **rhynn.**—"R. T.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—This is a Gaelic term which is also transliterated *rhinn* and *rinn*. It means a promontory.

**Scotch, Scotchman.**—"W. G.," New York City.—The first of these words has been established in the language since the middle of the 16th century. It occurs in the compound word *Scotchman* (1570). The forerunner of *Scotchman* was *Scottis man* used by Barbour in "The Bruce," written about 1370. The form *Scotsman* dates from 1780. As these forms are established in both Scottish and English literature, there is no good reason for condemning them.

# Mail

(*Continued from page 2*)

is really a hotel, and the rooms are furnished. No furniture was purchased for any other buildings at Quoddy other than the office furniture in the administration building.

Sincerely yours,
PHILIP B. FLEMING,
Lt. Col., Corps of Engineers,
Eastport, Maine. District Engineer.

### Archery

Sir:—Congratulations on the accuracy of your article in the August 8 issue on archery.

It may interest you to know that several records were broken at the Annual Tournament held last week at Battle Creek, Michigan.

At the Tournament, Curtis L. Hill shot an arrow 614 yards, using the so-called "free-style" method, that is, lying on his back with both feet pushing the bow and both hands pulling the bow-string. The bow which Mr. Hill used in making this marvelous shot had a pull (or weight) of 160 pounds.

Boston. LOUIS C. SMITH.

### Definition of Race

Sir:—In your issue of July 11, 1936, on page thirty-nine under the heading "Religion or Race," I must agree with Stephen G. Rich, of Verona, New Jersey, when he says that the Jews are a church and nothing more, and I certainly must disagree with your editorial comment wherein you say: "When reference is made to a Jewish-American, the adjective refers to the man's race, not his religion, as is the case in Irish-American, Italo-American, etc."

When I was a boy in school I was taught that there are only five races, *viz.*: the Caucasion or white, the Negro or black, the Indian or red, the Malay or brown and the Mongolian or yellow race. The Jewish-American or Irish-American alludes to a man's nationality, as I see it, not his race, and the Jews as a people or church, have no nation or country. Nor do they have a flag.

Your editor makes the same error again on page forty of the August 8, 1936, issue in his comment under the heading "Boake Carter" when he states that "The expression 'English-bred,' which immediately preceded 'Russian-born,' was intended to make it clear that 'Russian' was used in the geographical, rather than the *racial*, sense." If I am wrong, won't you please correct me? GEO. N. PIKE.

Utica, New York.

[Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language defines race as "a main division of the human species."

Besides the five primary racial groupings, the Dictionary allows subdivisions: "as the Indo-European races; the Germanic race; the English race, etc."—*Editor.*]

### Theodosia Burr Alston

Sir:—The letters concerning Theodosia Burr Alston were very interesting. However, I note that one correspondent quotes the New Standard Encyclopedia as saying that Mrs. Alston's journey from South Carolina to New York was halted by the sinking of the boat, the *Patriot*, on which she was riding.

Historians are not certain that the *Patriot* did sink, and there is an old legend among seamen that it was captured by pirates. Whether this is true or merely a sailor's fantastic dream, I do not know. But the

### WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

**Baillet-Latour** — President, Olympic Committee—the first part, *by-lay;* then *lah-tour'*.

**Maurice Duplessis** — Quebec's new premier—rimes with the words *your-niece new-dressy*.

**Adelard Godbout** — retiring Quebec premier — not English, but French: *ah-day'lar god-boo'*.

**Vera Menchikova** — Czechoslovak chess champion—call her *vay'ra men'chi-ko-va*.

**Ville Pörhölä**—Finnish Olympic shot-putter—each *o* as in *worm: veely purr'hu-leh* (trilled *rr*).

**Simone Simon**—French actress—the second *n* is nasal: *see-moan' see-moan (g)*.

**Kitei Son**—Marathon winner from Nippon—just *kee-tay son*.

**Soong, Ai-ling, Ching-ling,** and **Mei-ling**—China's three famous sisters—*eye-ling, ching-ling,* and *may-ling* respectively.

*Trim*

Trim are the rows of DOLE pineapple plants that stretch across the fertile fields of the Hawaiian Island of Lanai, pineapple kingdom of the world. Gaily trimmed, too, are party tables when tall glasses sparkle with the juice of DOLE-grown pineapples.

And in DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, Islanders and Mainlanders alike discover real pineapple flavor. No preservatives, no sugar are added. The exclusive DOLE Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process retains in high degree the natural food values contained in fresh fruit. Easy to serve, it trims minutes from time spent in preparing other juices. Economical, no waste, it trims household budgets, too.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco.

*The Key to Comfort in*
HOTEL NEW YORK CITY
GOVERNOR CLINTON
$3.00 Daily
*Write for Booklet L*
*1200 Rooms . . . all with bath and radio*
7th Ave. and 31st Street, New York City
Opp. Penn Sta. · Under Knott Management

Remember to rub in Cuticura OINTMENT before your shampoo with Cuticura Soap

What's The Name, Please? By Charles Earle Funk

The authorized pronunciation of the names of the great, the near great, or the about-to-be-great of our own time. In all there are about 1500 names represented, arranged in alphabetical order.

"Every one who cares about correct speech will find it a very useful, satisfactory and interesting little work."—*The New York Times Book Review.*

**Cloth, $1.00; $1.10, post-paid.**

*At All Bookstores or from The Publishers*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Mothersills SEASICK REMEDY
Guarantees A Perfect Voyage
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story goes that several days after the *Patriot* left for New York, a weird-looking man brought an equally mysterious-looking ship into harbor at some little town along the Atlantic coast.

It was discovered that this man brought with him a very beautiful woman, who was ill. She died in a few days, and this man dug a grave and buried her. He also carved a stone for the grave with the simple inscription: "To a Beautiful Female." In exactly a year he returned and placed flowers on her grave, and he kept this up for fifteen years, returning once a year.

Old sailors firmly believed that this was Theodosia, who had been captured by a pirate ship, and, because of her beauty, was not killed. GEORGE CONNOR.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

### Sorry

Sir—THE LITERARY DIGEST, August 8, announces my marriage to Charles E. Dickerson. The announcement is incorrect. It was my daughter, Mrs. Constance Moody Chase, who was married to Charles E. Dickerson, Jr., on July 26, in Stockholm, Sweden.
MRS. WILLIAM REVELL MOODY.
East Northfield, Massachusetts.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST apologizes for the error.—EDITOR.]

### The Magazine

Sir:—Your publication unquestionably warrants the highest possible praise. Your records will show that I have been subscribing to it for a number of years, but about two years ago I thought perhaps I was missing something by confining my reading to your paper and, accordingly, subscribed to what was purported to be a similar publication.

I have since found out that the word "similar" is not applicable, as it does not, from any angle, approach THE LITERARY DIGEST. STROTHER C. FLEMING.
Atlanta, Georgia.

Sir:—I am pleased to find that I like THE LITERARY DIGEST very much. It seems to treat all topics in a fair and impartial manner, which I consider a very important feature in writing.

I shall enjoy getting THE LITERARY DIGEST during the coming weeks.
Waller, Texas. T. W. GARRETT.

Sir:—How fast and how tragically THE DIGEST has disimproved!

For many years, I have walked a mile and a quarter each week to read your magazine at the library. I no longer feel repaid for the sole leather.

Take that last inside page. Like other morons, I used to read that first and enjoy it best. The picture scored 200 points; the "Spice of Life," seventy or eighty points; and the "Slips," forty or fifty points.

But now! No picture! No Spice; "Slips" down to ten or fifteen points! Too bad!
FREDERICK H. CHAPIN.
Taunton, Massachusetts.

Sir:—We have been subscribers to THE LITERARY DIGEST for several years and consider it one of the leading magazines. Especially, did we enjoy the article on the Feast of St. Ann in the August 1 issue.
San Francisco. ELIZABETH C. RILEY.

### A Correction

THE LITERARY DIGEST has referred to Paul H. Wendel as a "disbarred New Jersey attorney." This is in error. Mr. Wendel was disbarred some years ago, was later reinstated and still later resigned of his own volition.

"BEG PARDON, MADAM, BUT THAT LAST ROW YOU KNITTED IS ALL SPAGHETTI!"
—Lawrence Lariar in Collier's

# The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

**Makes a Difference.** — PASSENGER — "Have I time to say good-bye to my wife?"

PORTER—"I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?"—*Troy (N. Y.) Times-Record.*

**Little Shot.**—A mountaineer took his son to a school to enroll him.

"My boy's arter larnin', what dya have?" he asked the teacher.

"We offer English, trigonometry, spelling, etc.," she replied.

"Well, give him some of that thar trigernometry; he's the worst shot in the family."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**We Win.**—ENGLISHMAN—"Odd names your towns have. Hoboken, Weehawken, Oshkosh, Poughkeepsie."

AMERICAN—"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears. Do you live in London all of the time?"

ENGLISHMAN—"No indeed. I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and divide the rest between Bigglewade and Leighton Buzzard."—*Valdosta Times.*

**Tavern Talk.**—Two drunks were blabbing about cradle days as they leaned heavily against the bar.

"You know," said one, "when I was born I only weighed a pound and a half and that's a fac'."

"You don't shay," said the other. "Did you live?"

"Did I live!" exclaimed the first. "Shay, man, you ought to shee me now!"—*Boston Transcript.*

**The Reason.**—A very proper and careful old woman was engaging a new gardener.

"Have you any references from your last place, my man?" she inquired.

"No, mum," replied the applicant. "They wouldn't give me one."

"Why?"

"Oh," answered the man, absently, "I hit one of the warders."—*Vancouver Province.*

**Haircut.**—The weekly nut story deals with the screwball who raced into the barber shop.

"Gimme a haircut," he ordered. "And make it snappy."

"Certainly," replied the barber. "Just sit right down here."

"Never mind," said the nut. "I'll stand."

"Come, come," smiled the barber. "Why don't you sit down?"

"I'm sorry," explained the nut. "But I'm in a hurry!"—*Mark Hellinger in The New York American.*

**Panic.**—A woman ran out of a house shouting "Fire!" A passer-by started to run to the fire alarm, while another dashed into the hall and, being unable to see or smell smoke, turned to the excited woman and asked: "Where is the fire?"

"I didn't mean fire! I meant murder!"

A policeman arrived at that moment and demanded to know who had been murdered.

"Oh, I didn't really mean murder," wailed the hysterical woman, "but the biggest rat you ever set eyes on ran across the kitchen just now."—*Halifax Herald.*

**Likely.**—MOTHER—to son wandering around room—"What are you looking for?"

SON—"Nothing."

MOTHER—"You'll find it in the box where the candy was."—*Army & Navy Journal.*

**Full Stop.**—The genius of a local man had carried him to big success in business without much aid of education.

He was asked to distribute the prizes at a school, and made the usual speech of good counsel.

"Now, boys," he said, "always remember that education is a great thing. There's nothing like education. Take arithmetic. Through education we learn that twice two makes four, that twice six makes twelve, that seven sevens make—and then there's geography."—*El Paso World Herald.*

# Slips That Pass in Type

**F——— G———** was robbed of some cash by two young colored men while walking near his home. He told the police the men ran up behind him. One searched him while the other went through his pockets.—*Wash. (D. C.) paper.*

**Amenable—**
GIRL IN PLANE CRASH
IN GRAVE CONDITION
Expected to Agree on Neutrality
With Reservation
—*Boston paper.*

**Mr. S———** is in command of the national committee's party organization department and is given credit for getting precinct organizations under way in many of the states. Before the November election he hopes to have all precincts throughout the country manned by effective GIP workers.—*Chicago paper.*

**Gone** with the coal oil lamp, the boot jack and the tin cup are the threshing dinners of yore, in Madison county, with exhausted farm wives piling food on tables until the boards groaned, and threshing hands eating their way through three plate-loads of fried chicken, beef, and various other solid combustibles.—*Columbus (Ohio) paper.*

**Bigger & Better—**
AUTO DRIVERS
ARE IMPROVED
One Killed and Thee Injured
In Crash
—*Oklahoma City paper.*

**Those** who witnessed the freak of nature said that the swirling hurricane extended 3,000 feet in the air and covered a large area as it swept in from the lake to be finally dissipated after it had picked up hundreds of chickens, carrying them into the air and removing most of their fathers before dropping them to the ground.—*Erie (Pa.) paper.*

**We've** had so many inquiries concerning barbecues that we're sure this delightful form of entertaining is coming into its own. It certainly has everything in its favor.

For those who don't enjoy messing with a fire there are the charcoal broilers, which can be purchased ready to set up, or the foundation can be built of brick or stones with a grate for the charcoal and girls set above the grate. —*Los Angeles paper.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

● THE SCREEN MARCHES ON into a new "cycle" of vast, robust, heroic drama, apace with today's larger entertainment demands. Charged with leadership in this advance is the company which during twenty-five years has been responsible for such other major innovations as talking pictures, musical pictures, and the cycle of great life-stories. Now, inspired by the splendid reception of such sincere and unusual recent attractions as their "Story of Louis Pasteur" and "The Green Pastures," WARNER BROS. will embark upon the new cinema season with a series of productions definitely planned to exceed all past efforts—filmed in studios enlarged for this expanded program. The first will be—

# "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

## HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

## Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

## Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise • Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn • Claude Rains
Louis Hayward • • Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard • Billy Mauch • Akim Tamiroff • Ralph Morgan • Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

● Miraculously preserving, in its 412 scenes and two and one-quarter hours of entertainment, all the tumultuous adventure and world-girdling sweep compacted in the 1,224 pages and 495,000 words of the gargantuan book, "Anthony Adverse" is an appropriate prelude to the succession of extraordinary films which are coming soon from Warner Bros.

Important Theatres Thruout America Will Shortly Present These

## WARNER BROS. PICTURES

**MARION DAVIES and CLARK GABLE in "CAIN AND MABEL"**
**KAY FRANCIS in "GIVE ME YOUR HEART"**—With George Brent
**"GREEN LIGHT"**—From the Celebrated Best-Seller by Lloyd C. Douglas
**"CHARGE of the LIGHT BRIGADE"**—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED